



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

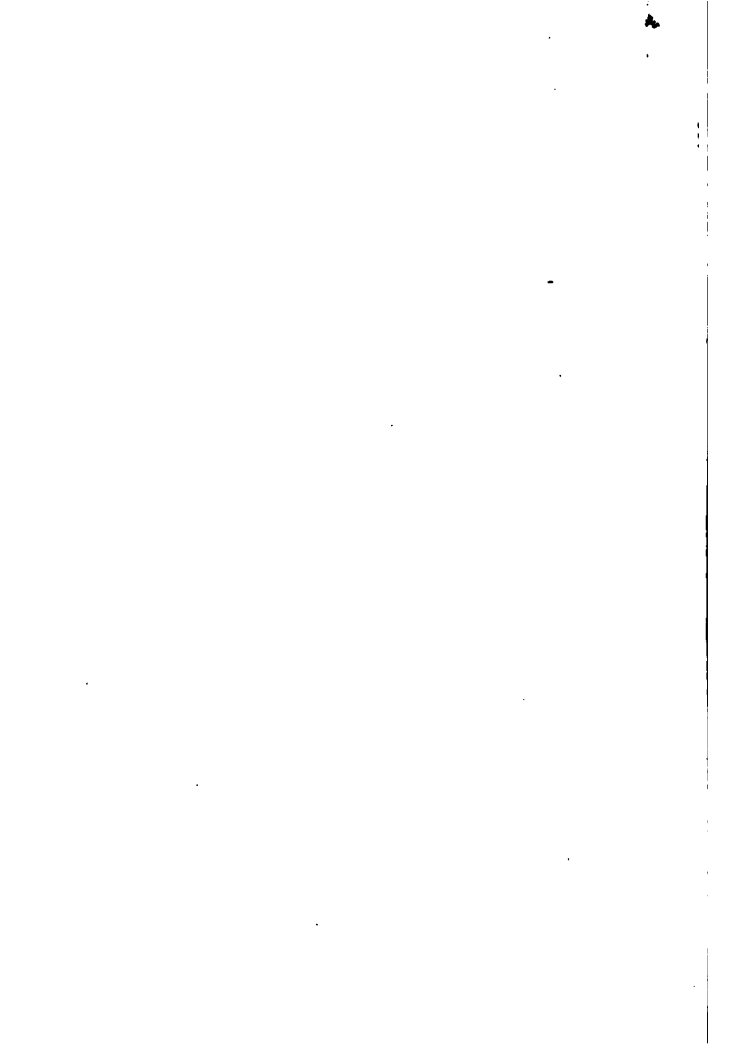




600100744M







PSALMS AND HYMNS

FOR

SCHOOL AND HOME.

BEING THE SCHOOL EDITION OF

"*Psalms and Hymns for Public, Social, and Private Worship,*"

ADAPTED AND ENLARGED FOR THAT PURPOSE.

*THE PROFITS ARE GIVEN TO THE WIDOWS OF BAPTIST
MINISTERS AND MISSIONARIES.*

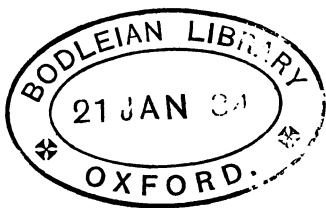
London:

PUBLISHED FOR THE TRUSTEES BY
J. HADDON & CO., BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET.

1882.

14421. f 6

LONDON:
YATES ALEXANDER AND SHEPHEARD, PRINTERS,
LONSDALE BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.



Pearl 16mo Edition—20,000—1882.

PREFACE.

THE EDITOR has sought in this Collection to include Hymns suitable to our youngest scholars ; advanced enough for our Bible Classes ; appropriate for Teachers' Meetings, and Anniversary Services ; and, also, a Book which shall be acceptable in Day Schools, and in
OUR HOMES.

Very hearty thanks are presented to the Authors and Proprietors of Hymns who have kindly given permission to use them. If in any case an Author has been overlooked, it has been by mistake, for which we tender an apology, and ask forgiveness.

ST. JOHN'S, *July*, 1882.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

	HYMNS
PRaise TO GOD.. .. .	1 — 9
As Creator	10 — 12
His Works in Providence	13 — 22
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—	
His Advent	23 — 31
His Life on Earth	32 — 43
Hymns of Praise to Christ as Lord	44 — 63
THE HOLY SPIRIT	64 — 69
THE HOLY TRINITY	70 — 76
THE HOLY SCRIPTURES	77 — 86
THE SAVIOUR'S CALL	87 — 103
Heard and Accepted	104 — 116
Rejoiced in	117 — 123
Seeking more Grace	124 — 133
THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN	134 — 153
CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.. .. .	154 — 161
TIMES AND SEASONS	162 — 180
NEW YEAR	181 — 182
SABBATH MORNING AND EVENING	183 — 195

PART II.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES	196 — 245
------------------------------	-----------

PART III.

TEACHERS' MEETINGS—	
Invocation	246 — 257
Praise	258 — 267
Surrender	268 — 276
Service	277 — 297
Progress	298 — 305
Home	304 — 311

PART IV.

JUNIOR CLASSES—	
Hymns of Praise	312 — 325
Bible Teachings	326 — 335
Of Jesus and His Love	336 — 367
Special Occasions	368 — 391
Heavenly Happiness	392 — 400

PSALMS AND HYMNS

FOR
SCHOOLS AND HOME.

PART I.

PRAISE TO GOD.

1 ^{8.7.4}
Bless the Lord, O my soul.—Ps. ciii. 2.

1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven:
To His feet thy tribute bring:
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing?
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like He tends and spares us:
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy flows.

4 Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face:
All His works, bow down before Him,
Through the boundless realms of space:
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

HENRY F. LYTE. 1834.

2 ^{L.M.}
O sing unto the Lord a new song.
^{P.s. xoviii. 1.}

1 SING to the Lord a joyful song, [raise;
Lift up your hearts, your voices
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise.

1

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His name, for it is fair.

3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God, for He is great;
Trust in His name, for it is true.

4 For joys untold that daily move
Round those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love;
Exalt His name, for it is joy.

5 Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

J. S. B. MONSELL. 1862.

3 ^{7s.}
Praise ye the Lord.—Ps. cxlvi. 1.

1 LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

PRAISE TO GOD.

- 5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery ;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- JOHN MILTON. 1623.

4 87.
O bless our God, ye people.—Ps. lxi. 9.
1 **PRAISE** the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him :

- Praise Him, angels in the height ;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him ;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken ;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws, that never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious ;
Never shall His promise fail.
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high His power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth and all creation
Laud and magnify His name.
- JOHN KEMPTHORNE. 1810.

5 7s.
Again they said, Hallelujah !
Rev. xix. 3.

- 1 **HALLELUJAH !** Praise the Lord !
Praise Him for His faithful Word ;
For the peace of pardoning love,
Praise His name, all names above.
Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord !
- 2 Praise Him, all ye stars of light,
Ever burning in His sight ;
Praise Him, earth's green vales below ;
Praise Him, ocean's ebb and flow.
Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord !
- 3 Fathers, brethren, round His throne,
Knowing now as ye are known,
Praise Him on your harps of gold,
As ye see His love unfold.
Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord !
- 4 For His love, too faintly sung,
Praise we Him with heart and tongue ;
Heaven and earth, in one accord,
Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord !
Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord !
- ELIZABETH R. TRESTRAIL. 1881.

6 7s.
Blessed be Thy glorious name.
Neh. ix. 5.

- 1 **SONGS** of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.
- 2

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No :—the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.
- JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819.

7 7s.
I consider the work of Thy fingers.
Ps. viii. 3.

- 1 **ALL** things praise Thee—Lord most
high,
Heaven and earth, and sea and sky ;
All were for Thy glory made,
That Thy greatness, thus displayed,
Should all worship bring to Thee ;
All things praise Thee : Lord, may we.

- 2 All things praise Thee—night to night
Sing in silent hymns of light ;
All things praise Thee—day to day
Chants Thy power in burning ray ;
Time and space are praising Thee,
All things praise Thee : Lord, may we.

- 3 All things praise Thee—high and low,
Rain, and dew, and seven-hued bow,
Crimson sunset, fleecy cloud,
Rippling stream, and tempest loud,
Summer, winter,—all to Thee
Glory render : Lord, may we.

- 4 All things praise Thee—heaven's high
Rings with melody divine ; [shrine
Lowly bending at Thy feet,
Seraph and archangel meet ;
This their highest bliss—to be
Ever praising : Lord, may we.

- 5 All things praise Thee—gracious Lord,
Great Creator, powerful word,
Omnipresent Spirit, now
At Thy feet we humbly bow ;
Lift our hearts in praise to Thee ;
All things praise Thee : Lord, may we.
- G. W. CONDER. 1870.

THE CREATOR.

WORSHIP.

8

104th.

O come, let us worship.—Ps. xciv. 6.

- 1 **O** WORSHIP the King, all glorious above!
O gratefully sing His power and love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with

- 2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace!
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
Whose chariots of wrath the deep thunder,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

- 3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power hath founded of old;
Hath established it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle,

- 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the

- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and

- 6 O measureless Might! Ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall hush to Thy

SIR ROBERT GRANT. 1837.

9

S.M.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins.—Ps. ciii. 10.

- 1 **M**Y soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

- 2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

- 3 His power subdues our sins;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

- 4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

- 5 Yet, Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy word of promise sure.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

THE CREATOR.

10

7.67.6.

All things were made by Him.
John i. 3.

- 1 **A**LL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

- 2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

- 3 The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at the gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

- 4 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky.

3

- 5 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

- 6 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God almighty,
Who has made all things well.

C. FRANCES ALEXANDER. 1848.

11

C.M.

We will sing and praise Thy power.
Ps. xxi. 18.

- 1 **I** SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

PROVIDENCE.

- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.
- 5 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.
- 6 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He guides me with His eye;
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

ISAAC WATTS. 1715.

12

C.M.

The eyes of the Lord are in every place.

Prov. xv. 3.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, Thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to Thy sight.

- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in Thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.
- 3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and published there,
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?
- 4 Lord, at Thy feet ashamed I lie,
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from Thy book.
- 5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt;
And let His blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

- 6 O may I now for ever fear
To indulge a sinful thought;
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

PROVIDENCE.

13

C.M.

He left not Himself without witness.

Acts xiv. 17.

- 1 **H**OW dearly God must love us,
And this poor world of ours,
To spread blue skies above us,
And deck the earth with flowers!
- 2 There's not a weed so lowly,
Nor bird that cleaves the air,
But tells, in accents holy,
His kindness and His care.
- 3 He bids the sun to warm us,
And light the path we tread;
At night, lest aught should harm us,
He guards our welcome bed.
- 4 He gives our needful clothing,
And sends our daily food;
His love denies us nothing
His wisdom deemeth good.

The Bible, too, He sends us,
That tells how Jesus came,
Whose word can save and cleanse us
From guilt and sin and shame.

- 6 O may God's mercies move us
To serve Him with our powers;
For oh, how He must love us,
And this poor world of ours!

S. W. PARTRIDGE. 1841.

14

6.5.

God said, Let there be light.—Gen. i. 3.

- 1 **W**HEN o'er earth is breaking
Rosy light, and fair,
Morn afar proclaimeth
Sweetly,—God is there.
- 2 When the spring is wrathing
Flowers rich and rare,
On each leaf is written,—
Nature's God is there.
- 3 When the storm is howling
Through the midnight air,
Fearfully its thunder
Tells us God is there.
- 4 All the wide world's treasures,
Rich, or grand, or fair,
In each feature beareth
Graven,—God is there.

AMERICAN. 1860.

15

C.M.

The earth receiveth blessing from God.

Heb. vi. 7.

- 1 **T**HERE'S not a tint that paints the
Or decks the lily fair, (rose,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.

PROVIDENCE.

- 2 There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.
- 3 There's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But God has given it birth.
- 4 There's not a place on earth's vast round.
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.
- 5 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends;
There He displays His boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

J. A. WALLACE. 1872.

16

C.M.

God said, Let the earth bring forth.
Gen. i. 11.

- 1 **G**OD might have made the earth bring
Enough for great and small, [forth
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.
- 2 He might have made enough,—enough
For every want of ours,
For medicine, luxury, and food,
And yet have made no flowers!
- 3 Then wherefore, wherefore were they
All dyed in rainbow light, [made,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Up-springing day and night?
- 4 Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the secret wilderness,
Where no man passeth by.
- 5 Our outward life requires them not;
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
And beautify the earth.
- 6 To comfort man, and whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For God, who formed each beauteous
Will surely care for him.

MARY HOWITT. 1860.

17

L.M.

The Lord is good to all.—Ps. cxlv. 9.

- 1 **Y**ES, God is good; in earth and sky,
From ocean depths and spreading
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,— [wood,
God made us all, and God is good.
- 2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.

5

- 3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whispers,—God is good.
- 4 I hear it in the rushing breeze;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus,—God is good.
- 5 Yes, God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued:
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.
- 6 For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord;
But chiefly for our heavenly food, [word.
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickenin'
These prompt our song, that God is good.

J. H. GURNEY. 1851.

18

8.7.

God is love.—1 John iv. 8.

- 1 **G**OD is love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Death and change are busy ever,
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove:
From the cloud His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. 1823.

19

C.M.

Thou leddest Thy people like a flock.
Ps. lxxvii. 20.

- 1 **O** GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this earthly pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.
- 2 Our fervent prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

- 5 Now, with the humble voice of prayer,
Thy mercy we implore;
Then, with the grateful voice of praise,
Thy goodness we'll adore.
PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1737.

20

L.M.

Our Father which art in heaven.
Matt. vi. 9.

- 1 GREAT God, and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky!
- 2 Art Thou my Father? Canst Thou bear
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a feeble one can raise?
- 3 Art Thou my Father? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
And try in word and deed and thought
To serve and please Thee as I ought.
- 4 Art Thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend,
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.
- 5 Art Thou my Father? Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me, in Thy love,
To be Thy better child above.

JANE TAYLOR. 1810.

21

8.7.4.

Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel.
Ps. lxxiii. 24.

- 1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me, till I want no more.

- 2 Open Thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS. 1772.

22

8.7.4.

Bless me, even me also, O my Father.
Gen. xxvii. 38.

- 1 FATHER, let Thy benediction,
Gently falling as the dew,
And Thy ever-gracious presence,
Bless us all our journey through;
May we ever
Keep the end of life in view.
- 2 Young in years, we need the wisdom
Which can only come from Thee;
In the morn of our existence
Let us Thy salvation see:
Changed in spirit,
We shall then Thy children be.
- 3 When temptations sore assail us,
When we falter by the way,
Let Thine arm of strength defend us
Saviour, hear us when we pray:
Thou art mighty,
Be Thou then our rock and stay.
- 4 Praise and blessing, power and glory,
Will we render, Lord, to Thee;
For the news of Thy salvation
Shall extend from sea to sea;
All the nations
Joyfully shall worship Thee.

M. E. SHELLEY.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

HIS COMING.

C.M.

23

King of kings, and Lord of lords.
Rev. xix. 16.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6

- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

HIS COMING.

6 O that with yonder sac^{red} throng
We at His feet may ~~stay~~ ^{join}
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

EDWARD FERROKET. 1780.

24

D.C.M.

The heavenly host praising God.

Luke ii. 13.

1 I came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 Yet, with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;—
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole earth send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. SEARS. 1850.

25

S.G.S.

Her firstborn Son . . . laid Him in a manger.—Luke ii. 7.

1 ALL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear, far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
"Christ is born!" their choirs are singing,
Till the air, everywhere,
Now with joy is ringing.

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat:
"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come: from all doth grieve you
You are freed; all you need
I will surely give you.

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder.

7

Love Him who with love is yearning,
Hail the Star that from far
Bright with hope is burning.

4 Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more, for the door
Now is found of gladness.
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross, pain, or loss
Can again betide you.

5 Blessed Saviour, let me find Thee,
Keep Thou me close to Thee,
Cast me not behind Thee.
Life of life, my heart Thou stillest,
Calm I rest on Thy breast,
And all this void Thou fillest.

6 Thee, O Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee, and with Thee
Dying, shall not perish,
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high, in the joy
That can alter never.

F. GERHARDT. 1631.

26

C.M.

Good tidings of great joy.—Luke ii. 10.

1 HARK the glad sound! the Saviour
comes!
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

PHILIP DODDGE. 1735.

27

7s.

Unto you is born . . . a Saviour.
Luke ii. 11.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"

2 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

3 Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

THE LORD JESUS CHR!

4 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

5 Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp Thine image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1739.

28 C.M.
*Unto us a child is born, unto us a son
is given.*—Isa. ix. 6.

1 **HARK!** 'tis the song of heaven,
Let earth resound the strain,
And let the joyful tidings spread
O'er island, sea, and main.

2 "To us a Child is born,"
To bless our guilty race,
To bring salvation to our world,
To save us by His grace.

3 "To us a Son is given,"
All glory to His name!
We join with angel-hosts to sing
His wondrous, boundless fame.

4 The offering of our hearts
Low at His feet we lay;
With sacred songs, and holy joy,
Keep the glad holiday.

5 All hail! Thou glorious King!
We give ourselves to Thee;
Our souls adore Thy royal sway,
Let us Thy glory see.

J. T. WIGNER. 1878.

29 11.10.
We have seen His star in the east.
Matt. ii. 2.

1 **BRIGHTEST** and best of the sons of
the morning! [thine aid;
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us
Star of the East! the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is
laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are
shining; [fall,
Low lies His bed with the beasts of the
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of
all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
ocean, [mine?
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favour
secure;

Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the
poor.

8

5 Bright [the east of the sons of the
mor [thine aid;
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us
Star of the East! the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is
laid. H. HEKER. 1811.

30 7a.
We have seen His star in the east.
Matt. ii. 2.

1 **AS** with [the east of the sons of the
Did [thine aid;
As with [thine aid;
Star of the East! the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is
laid. H. HEKER. 1811.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King. W. C. DIX. 1859.

31 10a.
Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion.
Zech. ix. 9.

1 **CHRISTIANS**, awake, salute the
happy morn, [born;
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was
told, [Behold,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled His promised
word, [Lord.
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the

HIS LIFE ON EARTH.

8 He spake; and straightway the celestial
choir, [spire:
In hymns of joy, unknown before, con-
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs
rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
"Peace upon earth, and unto men good
will."

4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened
shepherds ran, [man,
To see the wonder God had wrought for
And all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
The first apostles of the Saviour's name.
Then to their flocks, still praising God,
return, [burn,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture

5 O may we keep and ponder in our mind,
God's wondrous love in saving lost man-
kind;
Trace we the babe, who hath ~~lost~~ ^{redeemed} loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes
place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts
among, [song;
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall
sing, [King,
Eternal praise to heaven's almighty
JOHN BYROM. 1773.

HIS LIFE ON EARTH.

32 L.M.
I have given you an example.
John xiii. 15.

1 **M**Y dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But, in Thy life, the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer:
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious love here;
Then God the Judge shall praise my name
Amongst the followers of my Lamb.
HARRIS. 1709.

33 C.M.
*Jesus increased in wisdom . . . in
favour with God and man.—Luke ii. 52.*

1 **I** LOVE to think, though I am young,
My Saviour was a child;
That Jesus walked this earth along,
With feet all undefiled.

2 He kept His Father's word of truth,
As I am taught to do;
And while He walked the path of youth,
He walked in wisdom too.

3 I love to think that He who spake
And made the blind to see,
And called the sleeping dead to wake,
Was once a child like me.

4 That He who wore the thorny crown,
And tasted death's despair,
Had a kind mother like my own,
And knew her love and care.

5 I know 'twas all for love of me
That He became a child,
And left the heavens so fair to see,
And trod earth's pathway wild.

6 Then, Saviour, who wast once a child,
A child may come to Thee;
And oh! in all Thy mercy mild,
Dear Saviour, come to me.

E. FAXTON HOOD. 1879.

34 9.8.9.8.D.
*They found Him in the temple . . .
in the midst of the doctors.—Luke ii. 46.*

1 **A** CROWD fills the court of the Temple—
A round as of praise stirs the air,
Jerusalem stirs with emotion,
The Lord of the Temple is there!
In vain is the priestly displeasure
To silence the anthems that ring;
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!
The children all joyfully sing.

2 And if in this temple of worship,
Where now we are met in His name,
The Lord should appear in His beauty,
Himself His own gospel proclaim,
What anthems of grateful devotion
Around Him would echo and ring;
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!
The children would joyfully sing.

3 Lord! make each young heart Thine own
temple,
Reveal Thy sweet presence within,
Illuminate our minds by Thy coming,
Expel every longing for sin;
And when in our souls we adore Thee,
How pure the glad praise we shall
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna! [bring!
The children will joyfully sing.

4 And when in that temple of glory,
Where falls never shadow of night,
Where sorrow and sin never sadden,
And Thou shalt Thyself be the light;

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

When round Thee the ransomed are thronging,
High heaven with their praises will
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!
Thy children for ever will sing.

F. W. GOADBY. 1872.

35

G.M.

He was bruised for our iniquities.
Isa. liii. 5.

1 **T**HERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved;
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

G. F. ALEXANDER. 1848.

36

7s.

Darkness over all the land.
Matt. xxvii. 45.

1 **L**O! at noon, 'tis sudden night,
Darkness covers all the sky;
Rocks are rending at the sight;
Children, can you tell me why?
What can all these wonders be?
Jesus died on Calvary.

2 Nailed upon the cross, behold,
How His tender limbs are torn;
For a royal crown of gold
They have made Him one of thorn;
Cruel hands, that dare to bind
Thorns upon a brow so kind!

3 See, the blood is falling fast
From His forehead and His side;
Hark, He now has breathed His last,
With a mighty groan He died.
Children, shall I tell you why
Jesus condescends to die?

4 He who was a King above,
Left His kingdom for a grave,
Out of pity—out of love,
That the guilty He might save.
Down to this sad world He flew,
For such little ones as you.

10

4 Come then, children, come and see;
Lift your little hands to pray;
"Blessed Jesus, pardon me,
Help a guilty sinner," say;
"Since it was for such as I
Thou didst condescend to die."

JANE TAYLOR. 1812.

37

11s.

They came . . . bringing sweet spices.
Luke xxiv. 1.

1 **S**WEET spices they brought on their
star-lighted way, of day.
And came to the grave by the dawning

2 "But who will the stone from the sepulchre roll?" eyes stole.
They said, as the tears from their weeping

3 The stone is removed, and the Saviour is gone! (morn!)

4 Oh, hail, ye disciples, this bright Sabbath
May Christ now appear as to Mary He came,
And fill every bosom with piety's flame.

5 Then heaven's bright glories we soon shall obtain, (vain.)
Nor Sabbaths, so peaceful, be useless and

38

7s.

He ever liveth to make intercession for them.—Heb. vii. 25.

1 **H**AIL the day that sees Him rise
Glorious to His native skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquished death and sin:
Take the King of glory in.

3 Highest heaven its Lord receives;
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 Still for us He intercedes;
His prevailing death He pleads;
Near Himself prepares our place;
Great forerunner of our race.

5 What though parted from our sight,
Far above yon starry height?
May our warm affections rise,
Following Him beyond the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1739.

39

7s.

The first fruits of them that slept.
1 Cor. xv. 20.

1 **C**HRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joy and triumph high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply!

HIS LIFE ON EARTH.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done ;
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! He sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King ;
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died, our souls to save ;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 King of glory ! Soul of bliss !
Everlasting life is this :
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1739.

40

C.M.

God is gone up with a shout.

Ps. xlvii. 5.

- 1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King !
Let every land its tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus our God ascends on high ;
His heavenly guards around
Attend Him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains :
Let all the earth His honours sing ;
O'er all the earth He reigns.
- 4 Rehearse His praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song :
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Israel stood His ancient throne ;—
He loved that chosen race :
But now He calls the world His own,
And heathens taste His grace.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

41

C.M.

The King of glory shall come in.

Ps. xxiv. 7.

- 1 THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are open wide,
The King of Glory is gone in,
Unto His Father's side.
- 2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon God's face.

11

- 3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud,
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

- 4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven.

- 5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be ;
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For ever, Lord, in Thee. Amen.

C. F. ALEXANDER. 1848.

42

G.5.

Having every one of them harps.

Rev. v. 8.

- 1 GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened—
Opened for the King ;
Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
Cho—All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended !
Glory to our King.

- 2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die ;
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.

- 3 Praying for His children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace ;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you ;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

F. R. HAVERGAL. 1871.

43

S.M.

They cast their crowns before the throne.—Rev. iv. 10.

- 1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne ;
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own :
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy chosen King
Through all eternity.
- 2 Crown Him the Son of God !
Before the worlds began ;
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man ;—

HYMNS OF PRAISE TO CHRIST THE LORD.

Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

- 3 Crown Him the Lord of Life!
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife,
For those He came to save.
His glories now we sing
Who died and rose on high,
Who died,—eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die!

- 4 Crown Him the Lord of Heaven!
Enthroned in worlds above;
Crown Him the King to whom is given
The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns,
As thrones before Him fall;
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all!

MATTHEW BRIDGES. 1848.

(First verse only.)

GEO. THRING. 1879.

HYMNS OF PRAISE TO CHRIST THE LORD.

- 44** 8.7.8.7.7.7.
*There is a Friend that sticketh closer
than a brother.*—Prov. xviii. 24.

- 1 **O**NE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend:
His is love beyond a brother's—
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Who of all our friends to save us
Could or would have shed his blood?
But the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.
- 3 Oh for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We shall love Thee as we ought.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

- 45** 6.5.
*As I live, saith the Lord, every knee
shall bow to Me.*—Rom. xiv. 11.

- 1 **A**T the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of Glory now;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.
- 2 Humbled for a season
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners,
Unto whom He came:
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last;
Brought it back victorious
When from death He passed.

12

- 3 Name Him, brothers, name Him,
With love as strong as death,
But with awe and wonder,
And with bated breath;
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord;
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

- 4 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

- 5 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of Glory now.

C. M. NOEL. 1870.

- 46** 8.7.
*I will sing a new song unto Thee, O
God.*—Ps. cxliv. 9.

- 1 **M**IGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
May an infant sing Thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme;
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and lawful praise.
- 2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For the created works of power,—
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For Thy providence that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be Thy gentle reign.

HYMNS OF PRAISE TO CHRIST THE LORD.

- 3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along,—
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who dare sing that awful song?
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.
- 4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives:
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
Go, return, immortal Saviour!
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all Thine own.

ROBERT ROBINSON. 1774.

47 8.7. *Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.* 1 Sam. vii. 12.

- 1 COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come,
And I hope by Thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it:
Prone to leave the God I love:
Here's my heart, oh! take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

ROBERT ROBINSON. 1758.

48 C.M. *Thou shalt call His name Jesus.* Luke i. 31.

- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

13

- 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

49 C.M. *Unto you who believe, He is precious.* 1 Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek;
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus—what it is
None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our crown wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. 1140.

50 C.M. *A name which is above every name.* Phil. ii. 9.

- 1 JESUS, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish
In Thee doth richly meet:
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

B

HYMNS OF PRAISE TO CHRIST THE LORD.

I'll speak the honours of Thy name
With my last labouring breath ;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

F. DODDRIDGE. 1755.

51 *O sing praises unto God, sing praises.*
Ps. xlii. 6.

SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King ;
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.
Cho.—Onward, upward, heavenward,
To our city bright,
Singing as we journey
Forward into light.

Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee ;
Deep in adoration,
Bending low the knee :
Thou, for our redemption,
Cam'st on earth to die ;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God ;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking,
Till the prize is won.

Jesus, Lord, and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet :
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray ;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

G. THRING. 1862.

52 *Thou knowest that I love Thee.*
John xxi. 15.

I LOVE the name of Jesus,
The name the angels sing,
And with their loud hosannas
The heavenly portals ring.
To Him my all confiding,
In Him my joy complete,
I learn with Christian meekness
My duty at His feet.
Cho.—I love the name of Jesus,
The sweetest name,
The name the angels sing.

I love to think of Jesus
When all is calm and still,
When pure and holy feelings
My grateful bosom fill.
I love to think of Jesus,
Whose mercy crowns my days—
How just are all His counsels,
And true are all His ways !

I love to work for Jesus,
And worship at His throne ;
Oh ! may His spirit help me
To live for Him alone.
To labour for my Saviour
My greatest joy shall be :
I know that Jesus loves me,
Because He died for me.

53 *He read in the book of the law of God.*
Neh. viii. 18.

I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.
Cho.—I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

I know my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be ;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise ;
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise ;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

EMILY MILLER.

54 *O sing unto the Lord a new song.*
Ps. xcvi. 1.

O SING to the Lord,
In joyous accord,
Ye dwellers on earth and in heaven ;
The God of creation,
The God of salvation,
To Him all the glory be given

HYMNS OF PRAISE TO CHRIST THE LORD.

2 Earth, ocean, and air
Unite to declare
The unspeakable worth of His name;
Creation He founded
In wisdom unbounded,
Such wonders His glory proclaim.

3 But oh, the rich grace
To our perishing race,
Salvation, the purchase of blood!
Lost sinners, believing,
Free pardon receiving,
Become the blest children of God.

4 What wonders untold
Will redemption unfold
When heaven its myriads shall bring,
In body and spirit
Bright crowns to inherit
With Christ, the victorious King!
CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

55 P.M.
God commendeth His love toward us.
Rom. v. 8.

1 OH, what has Jesus done for me?
He pitied me,—my Saviour.
My sins were great: His love was free;
He died for me,—my Saviour.
Exalted by the Father's side,
He pleads for me,—my Saviour;
A heavenly mansion He'll provide
For all who love the Saviour.
Cho.—Jesus, dear Jesus,
Thy name is sweet,—my Saviour,
When shall I see Thee face to face,
My wondrous, blessed Saviour?

2 To my weak steps He doth give heed;
He helpeth me in ev'ry need;
He loveth me,—my Saviour.
He heareth, and doth answer send
To my poor prayer,—my Saviour;
And He will keep unto the end
The child that trusts his Saviour.
JOHN CURWEN. 1871.

56 7.G.
Christ taketh away the sins of the
world.—John 1. 29.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God!
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash away my stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases;
He doth my soul redeem.
I bring my griefs to Jesus,
My burdens and my cares:
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.
15

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right arm me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord!
Like fragrance on the breeze,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

H. BOWAR. 1857.

57 C.M.
Come unto Me . . . I will give you
rest.—Matt. xi. 28.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me, and rest:
Lay down, poor weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water: thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light:
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my radiant Son;
So in the Light of Light I live,
Till travelling days are done.

H. BOWAR. 1850.

58 7s.
To lay hold on the hope set before us.
Heb. vi. 18.

1 JESUS! Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide:
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

HYMNS OF PRAISE TO CHRIST THE LORD.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise, to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

59

6.5.

I will guide thee with Mine eye.
Ps. xxxii. 8.

1 JESUS is our Pilot:
No one else can guide
Our frail barque in safety
O'er life's stormy tide.
When the waves of trouble
Baffle human skill,
He can always calm them
With His "Peace, be still."
Cho.—Jesus is our Pilot:
Guided by His hand,
We shall reach the haven
Of the better land.

2 Jesus is our Pilot:
Through His mighty arm
We are safe from danger—
Safe from fear and harm.
In His strong protection
We may ever rest;
Refuge from all sorrow
Is His faithful breast.

3 Jesus is our Pilot:
Well He knows the way
From this realm of shadows
To the realm of day.
He can find the harbour
Others seek in vain,
There, the Lord of glory
Evermore He'll reign.

60

7.6.

*That which we have seen and heard
declare we unto you.—1 John i. 3.*

1 TELL me the Old, Old Story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love;
Tell me the Story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
Cho.—Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and His love.

16

2 Tell me the Story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the Story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that Story always,
If you would really be,
In a comfort of trouble,
A comfort to me.

4 Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story—
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

MISS HANKEY. 1874.

61

L.M.

*His name shall be continued as long
as the sun.—Ps. lxxii. 17.*

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

62

7s.

Thou hast created all things.
Rev. iv. 11.

1 FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light :
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.
- 3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above ;
For all gentle thoughts and mild :
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.
- 4 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces, human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven :
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.
- 5 For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Off'ring up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love :
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

F. PIERPOINT. 1864.

63

6.6.4.

To whom pertaineth the glory.

Rom. ix. 4.

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high !
Let earth to heaven reply,
Praise ye His name.

Angels, His love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
And saints cry evermore :
Worthy the Lamb !

- 2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name ;
We, who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound His dear fame abroad :
Worthy the Lamb

- 3 Join, all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless ;
Praise ye His name :
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb !

- 4 Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising His name ;
To Him our tribute bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,
Worthy the Lamb !

JAMES ALLEN 1761.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

64

6.5.

*The Spirit of truth is come ; He will
guide you. — John xvi. 13.*

- 1 **H**OLY Spirit ! hear us ;
Help us while we sing ;
Breathe into the music
Of the praise we bring.
- 2 Holy Spirit ! prompt us
When we kneel to pray ;
Nearer come, and teach us
What we ought to say.
- 3 Holy Spirit ! shine Thou,
On the Book we read ;
Gild its holy pages
With the light we need.
- 4 Holy Spirit ! give us
Each a lowly mind ;
Make us more like Jesus,
Gentle, pure, and kind.
- 5 Holy Spirit ! brighten
Little deeds of toil ;
And our playful pastimes
Let no folly spoil.

17

- 6 Holy Spirit ! keep us
Safe from sins which lie
Hidden by some pleasure
From our youthful eye.

- 7 Holy Spirit ! help us
Daily by Thy might,
What is wrong to conquer,
And to choose the right.

W. H. PARKER.

65

7a.

I will put My Spirit within you.
Ezek. xxxvi. 27.

- 1 **H**OLY Spirit, Truth Divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine ;
Word of God and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.
- 2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine !
Glow within this heart of mine :
Kindle every high desire,
Perish self in Thy pure fire.
- 3 Holy Spirit, Power Divine !
Fill and nerve this will of mine ;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Holy Spirit, Right Divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Lord, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.
- 5 Holy Spirit, Peace Divine!
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.
- 6 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine!
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I'll sing,
Spring, O Well, for ever spring!

S. LONGFELLOW. 1860.

66

C.M.

He shall teach you all things.
John xiv. 26.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us Thine influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost (for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke);
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.
- 4 God, through Himself, we then shall
If Thou within us shine, (know,
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

67

7s.

He hath given us of His Spirit.
1 John iv. 13.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would gracious be;
And with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.
- 2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would truthful be;
And with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.
- 3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower,
In temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the Sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

18

- 4 Silent Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would quiet be—
Silent as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made,
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

- 5 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would mighty be—
Mighty so as to prevail,
When, unaided, man must fall;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

- 6 Holy Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
And whatever I can be,
Give to Him, who gave me Thee.

T. T. LYNCH. 1856.

68

C.M.

*The Comforter whom I will send
unto you.—John xv. 26.*

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Whom Jesus sends from heaven,
O comfort us, Thy children, here,
And show our sins forgiven.
- 2 O come, and in our hearts reside,
Let them Thy temples prove;
Nor let our sinfulness and pride
Provoke Thee to remove:
- 3 But with Thy gracious power descend,
And all our sins subdue;
O bid us to Thy sceptre bend,
And form our souls anew.
- 4 Where God the Spirit is a guest,
All graces there abound,
Love, joy, and peace make calm the breast,
And thanks and praise resound.

HOWLAND HILL. 1810.

69

8.6.8.4.

If I depart, I will send Him unto you.
John xvi. 7.

- 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On each to shed.
- 3 He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind He came—
As viewless too.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

- 4 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
Where He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 5 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms
And speaks of heaven. [each fear,

- 6 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.
- 7 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.
- HARRIET AUER. 1829.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

- 70** 8.7.4.
*Unto Him that loved us be glory . . .
for ever.—Rev. i. 5, 6.*
- 1 **GLORY** be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One;
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run !
- 2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign;
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain !
- 3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth your praises bring;
Glory, glory,
To the King of Glory bring !
- 4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal !
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honour, riches, power, dominion !
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings !
- H. DONAR. 1860.

- 71** P.M.
*Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God
Almighty !—Rev. iv. 8.*
- 1 **HOLY, Holy, Holy !** Lord God
Almighty !
Gratefully adoring, our song shall rise
to Thee !
Holy, Holy, Holy ! Merciful and Mighty !
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !
- 2 **Holy, Holy, Holy !** all the saints adore
Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns
around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down
before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shall
be.
- 19

- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy ! though the darkness
hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy
glory may not see;
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside
Thee
Perfect in power, in love and purity.
- 4 Holy, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name
in earth, and sky, and sea !
Holy, Holy, Holy ! Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity.
- R. HEBER. 1827.

- 72** 8.7.4.
*God blessed for ever, Amen.
Rom. ix. 5.*

- 1 **GOD** Almighty, in Thy temple,
Low before Thy Throne we bow,
From Thy dwelling-place in glory
Hear our supplications now,
While we offer
Earnest prayer and solemn vow.
- 2 Christ our Saviour, Thou who carest
For the youngest of Thy fold,
Give us now Thy heavenly blessing,
As Thou didst in days of old,
Priceless treasure,
Richer far than gems or gold.
- 3 God the Holy Ghost, be near us,
Ever dwell our hearts within;
Keep them pure, and brave, and earnest,
Give us grace to conquer sin,
And, through Jesus,
Heaven's eternal crown to win.
- 4 Holy Trinity, defend us
In a world with evil rife,
Let Thine Angel-guards surround us,
In each sore and bitter strife,
Oh, preserve us
Unto everlasting life ! Amen.
- R. H. BAYNES. 1874.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

THE TRINITY.

73

^{7s.}
Who was, and is, and is to come.
Rev. iv. 8.

- 1 **H**OLY Father, hear my cry;
Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear
Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh;
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!
- 2 Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean
Father, Son, and Spirit, save!
- 3 Father, let me taste Thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit come, my heart to move;
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.
- 4 Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou,
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now,
Be my Father and my God.

H. BONAR. 1857.

74

^{7s.}
*Out of the mouths of babes Thou
hast perfected praise.—Matt. xxi. 16.*

- 1 **G**LORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight His ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King:
Childrep, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost:
Be this day a Pentecost:
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that God is love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1836.

75

^{7.7.7.5.}
*The Lord; who is, and who was, and
who is to come.—Rev. i. 8.*

- 1 **E**VER blessed Trinity,
Source of life and purity,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.
- 2 With the beams of morning shine,
Lift on us Thy light Divine,
And let charity benign,
Breathe on us her balm.
- 3 When around us falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.
- 4 Ever blessed Trinity,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

G. ROBINSON. 1850.

76

^{7s.}
*Blessed be His glorious name for
ever.—Ps. lxxii. 19*

- 1 **T**O the name of God on high,
God of might and majesty,
God of heaven and earth and sea,
Blessing, praise, and glory be.
- 2 To the name of Christ the Lord,
Son of God, incarnate Word,
Christ, by whom all things were made,
Be all honour ever paid.
- 3 To the Holy Spirit be
Equal praise eternally,
With the Father and the Son,
One in name, in glory one.
- 4 This the song of ages past,
Song that shall for ever last;
Let the ages yet to be
Join the cheerful melody.
- 5 Glorious is our God the Lord!
Praises, then, with one accord
To His holy name be given,
By the sons of earth and heaven.

H. BONAR. 1860.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

77

^{L.M.}
The power of God unto salvation.
Rom. i. 16.

LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in Thy word.

- 2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 3 How well Thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy Thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

78

11.8.11.8.
Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet.
Ps. cxix. 105.

1 **H**OW holy the Bible! how pure is the
light
That streams from its pages divine!
'Tis a star that shines clear through the
gloom of the night,
Of jewels a wonderful mine.

2 'Tis bread for the hungry, 'tis food for the
A balm for the wounded and sad; [poor,
'Tis the gift of a Father; His likeness is
there,
And the hearts of His children are glad.

3 'Tis the voice of the Saviour; how sweet
in the storm
It speaks to the sinner distressed!
The tempest is hushed, and the sea be-
comes calm,
The troubled and weary find rest.

4 'Tis a friend's loving counsel, the voice of
a guide,
How gentle and faithful and true!
No harm can the dear little pilgrim betide
Whose feet its directions pursue.

5 No words like the words of the Saviour,
nor can
Their sweetness or value be told;
They are words "fitly spoken" to sorrow-
ful man,
Like beautiful "apples of gold."

6 O teach me, blest Jesus, to seek for Thy
face,
To me let Thy welcome be given;
Now speak to my heart some kind mes-
sage of grace,
Some words that shall guide me to
heaven.

G. T. CONGREVE. 1874.

79

11s.
O how I love Thy law!—Ps. cxix. 97.

1 **T**HE Bible! the Bible! more precious
than gold
The hopes and the glories its pages un-
fold;
It speaks of a Saviour, and tells of His
It shows us the way to the mansions
above.

21

2 The Bible! the Bible! blest volume of
truth;
How sweetly it smiles on the season of
It bids us seek early the pearl of great
price,
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage
of vice.

3 The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy,
Its truths and its glories our tongue shall
employ!
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the
earth.

4 The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall
ring;
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts
and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our
AMERICAN. 1870.

80

C.M.
The commandment is a lamp.
Prov. vi. 23.

1 **L**AMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace;
Brook by the traveller's way:

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky:

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;
When waves would whirl our tossing
Our anchor and our stay: [bark,

4 Word of the Everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

BERNARD BARTON. 1826.

81

C.M.
Teach me Thy statutes.—Ps. cxix. 26.

1 **T**HY word is like a garden, Lord,
With flowers bright and fair;
And everyone who seeks may pluck
A lovely nosegay there.

Thy word is like a deep, deep mine,
And jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths
For every searcher there.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 3 Thy word is like the starry host !
A thousand rays of light
Are seen to guide the traveller,
And make his pathway bright.
- 4 Thy word is like a glorious choir,
And loud its anthems ring ;
Though many tongues and parts unite,
It is one song they sing.
- 5 Thy word is like an armoury,
Where soldiers may repair,
And find for life's long battle-day
All needful weapons there.
- 6 Oh, may I love Thy precious word !
May I explore its mine !
May I its fragrant flowers glean !
May light upon me shine !
- 7 Oh, may I find my armour there !
Thy word my trusty sword,
I'll learn to fight with every foe
The battle of the Lord.

EDWIN HODDER. 1863.

82

L.M.

*By night in a pillar of fire to give
them light.—Ex. xiii. 21.*

- 1 **W**HEN Israel through the desert
A fiery pillar went before, [passed,
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is Thy glorious word, O Lord,
'Tis for our light and guidance given ;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.
- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers ;
It sets our wandering footsteps right,
Displays Thy love and kindles ours.
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts,
Its doctrines are divinely true ;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,
It comforts and instructs us too.

B. BEDDOME. 1818.

83

C.M.

*The entrance of Thy word giveth
light.—Ps. cxix. 130.*

- 1 **H**OW shall the young secure their
hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

22

- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 The starry heavens Thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place ;
And these Thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express.
- 5 But still Thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine ;
Not earth stands firmer than Thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.
- 6 Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

84

C.M.

*The law of the Lord is perfect.
Ps. xix. 7.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, with wonder and with
G On all Thy works I look ; [praise
But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace
Shine brightest in Thy book.
- 2 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies,
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.
- 3 Lord, make me understand Thy law ;
Show what my faults have been ;
And from Thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.
- 4 Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell ;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell.
- 5 Then let me love the Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

ISAAC WATTS. 1715.

85

S.M.

*Wherewithal shall a young man
cleanse his way ?—Ps. cxix. 9.*

- 1 **T**HE praises of my tongue
I offer to my Lord,
That I was taught, and learned so young
To read His holy word.
- 2 Dear Lord, this book of Thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.
- 3 O may Thy Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive,
Those truths which all Thy servants
And all Thy saints believe. [preach,

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

- 4 Then shall I praise the Lord,
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read His word,
And have not learned in vain.
ISAAC WATTS. 1715.

86

7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6.

Buy the truth and sell it not.—Prov.
xxiii. 23.

- 1 **W**E won't give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth ;
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth ;
The sun that sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road ;
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,
And calls us home to God. |

- 2 We won't give up the Bible,
For pleasure or for pain ;
We'll buy the truth, and sell it not
For all that we might gain,
Though man should try to take our prize
By guile, or cruel might,
We'd suffer all that man could do,
And God defend the right.

- 3 We won't give up the Bible,
But spread it far and wide,
Until its saving voice be heard
Beyond the rolling tide ;
Till all shall know its gracious power,
And with one voice and heart
Resolve that from God's sacred word
We'll never, never part.
W. M. WHITMORE. 1841.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

87

C.M.

*If any man thirst, let him come unto
Me and drink.*—John vii. 37.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls ; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound :
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear ;
Hope smiles reviving round.

- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart
Here streams of bounty flow ;
And life and health and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.

- 3 Ye sinners, come ; 'tis mercy's voice ;
The gracious call obey :
Mercy invites to heavenly joys ;
And can you yet delay ?

- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

ANNE STEELE. 1780.

88

148th.

*The Lord called Samuel, and he
answered, Here am I.*—1 Sam. iii. 4.

- 1 **W**HEN little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word He spoke
How much did he rejoice !
O blessed, happy child to find
The God of heaven so near and kind !

- 2 If God would speak to me,
And say He was my Friend,
How happy should I be !
O how would I attend !
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

23

- 3 And does He never speak ?
Oh yes ; for in His word
He bids me come and seek
The God that Samuel heard.
In almost every page I see
The God of Samuel calls to me.

- 4 And I beneath His care
May safely rest my head ;
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed,
And every sin I well may fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.

- 5 Like Samuel let me say,
Whene'er I read Thy word,
" Speak, Lord : I would obey
The voice that I have heard."
And when I in Thy house appear,
" Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear."
ANN TAYLOR. 1812.

89

148th.

*The Temple of the Lord, where the
ark of God was.*—1 Sam. iii. 3.

- 1 **H**USHED was the evening hymn,
The Temple courts were dark ;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark ;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

- 2 The old man meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept ;
His watch the Temple child,
The little Levite kept ;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

3 Oh, give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word:
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh, give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
When in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates,
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 Oh, give me Samuel's mind;
A sweet un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death:
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

J. D. BURNS. 1857.

90

8.5.8.8.

Come unto Me, I will give you rest.
Matt. xi. 28.

1 **A**RT thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest!"

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed!"

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

GREEK HYMN. VIII. CENT.

91

10.8.11.8.

The Master is come and calleth for thee.—John xi. 28.

1 **T**HE Master is come and calleth for thee,

He stands at the door of thy heart;
No friend so forgiving, so gentle as He,
Oh, say, wilt thou let Him depart?
Cho.—Patiently waiting, earnestly plead-
ing, (thy heart.)

Jesus, thy Saviour, knocks at

2 The Master has come with blessings for thee,
Arise, and His message receive; [free,
Thy ransom is purchased, thy pardon is
If thou wilt repent and believe.

3 The Master is come, and calleth thee now;
This moment what joy may be thine!
How tender the smile that illumines His
A pledge of His favour divine. [brow,

4 He waits for thee still, then haste with
delight,
Oh, fly to the arms of His love; [light,
Press on to that beautiful mansion of
Prepared in His kingdom above.

92

8.7.

Behold I stand at the door and knock.—Rev. iii. 20.

1 **H**ARK! a thrilling voice is sounding:
"Christ is nigh!" it seems to say:
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!"

2 Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
All the powers of darkness vanish;
Christ, our Day-Star, mounts the skies.

3 Lo! the Lamb so long expected
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste with tears of sorrow,
One and all, to be forgiven.

4 So when next He shines in glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
Not for chastening, but salvation,
Unto us shall He appear.

5 Honour, glory, might, dominion,
To the Father and the Son,
With the Everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

E. CASWELL. 1849.

93

6.4.

To-day if ye will hear His voice.
Heb. iv. 7.

1 **T**O-DAY the Saviour calls,
Ye wanderers, come;
Oh, ye benighted souls!
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, listen now!
Now in this solemn hour
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
Oh, grieve Him not away!
'Tis mercy's hour.

THOMAS HASTINGS. 1850.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

94

7.6.
All things are ready, come.
Matt. xxii. 4.

- 1 "COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.
- 2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.
- 3 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O patient love of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!
W. C. DIX. 1867.

95

6s.
If any man thirst, let him come to Me.—John vii. 37.

- 1 COME to the Saviour now!
He gently calleth thee;
In true repentance bow,
Before Him bend the knee.
He waiteth to bestow
Salvation, peace, and love,
True joy on earth below,
A home in heaven above.
Come, come, come.
- 2 Come to the Saviour now!
Gaze on that crimson tide—
Water and blood—that flow
Forth from His wounded side.
Hark to that suffering One!
"Tis finished," now He cries;
Redemption's work is done,
Then bows His head and dies.
- 3 Come to the Saviour now!
He suffered all for thee,
And in His merits thou
Hast an unfailing plea.
No vain excuses frame,
For feelings do not stay;
None who to Jesus came
Were ever sent away.
25

- 4 Come to the Saviour now!
Ye who have wandered far,
Renew your solemn vow,
For His by right you are.
Come, like poor wandering sheep
Returning to His fold,
His arm will safely keep,
His love will ne'er grow cold.
- 5 Come to the Saviour all!
Whate'er your burdens be;
Hear now His loving call—
"Cast all your care on Me."
Come, and for every grief
In Jesus you will find
A sure and safe relief,
A loving Friend and kind.
Come, come, come.
J. M. WIGNER. 1871.

96

C.M.
Pet there is room.—Acts xiv. 22.

- 1 ROOM for the wanderer, room,
The gate stands open wide;
Hasten, ere falls the midnight gloom,
To Jesus crucified.
- 2 Room in the Church below,
Room in the Church above,
Room for the souls who long to know
A Saviour's endless love.
- 3 Room for earth's toil-worn sons,
Faint with the noon-tide heat;
Room for the Father's little ones,
Rest for the weary feet.
- 4 Room in that city fair
Where all His saints are blest,
Room in the many mansions there
To dwell in love and rest.
- 5 God's message rings sublime,
Its voice let all obey,
"Lo, now is the accepted time,
And this is mercy's day!"
SARAH DOUDNEY. 1850.

97

7.6.
Now is the accepted time.
2 Cor. vi. 2.

- 1 TO-DAY Thy mercy calls us
To wash away our sin,
However great our trespass,
Whatever we have been:
However long from mercy
Our hearts have turned away,
Thy precious blood can cleanse us,
And make us white to-day.
- 2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin.
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

3 To-day our Father calls us ;
His Holy Spirit waits ;
The blessed angels gather
Around the heavenly gates :
No question will be asked us
How often we have come ;
Although we oft have wandered,
It is our Father's home !

4 O all-embracing mercy !
O ever-open door !
What should we do without Thee
When heart and eye run o'er ?
When all things seem against us,
To drive us to despair,
We know one gate is open,
One ear will hear our prayer !
O. ALLEN. 1835.

98 7.8.
Know thou the God of thy father.
1 Chron. xxviii. 9.

1 OH, come in life's gay morning,
Ere in thy sunny way
The flowers of hope have withered,
And sorrow ends thy day.

2 Come, while from joy's bright fountain
The streams of pleasure flow ;
Come, ere thy buoyant spirits
Have felt the blight of woe.

3 Remember thy Creator
Now, in thy youthful days,
And He will guide thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain maze.

4 Remember thy Creator :
He calls, in tones of love ;
And offers endless pleasure
In brighter worlds above.

5 And in the hour of sadness,
When earthly joys depart,
His love shall be thy solace,
And cheer thy drooping heart.

6 And when life's storms are over,
And thou from earth art free,
Thy God will be thy portion
Throughout eternity.

99 P. M.
Behold, I stand at the door and knock.
Rev. iii. 20.

1 KNOCKING ! knocking ! who is there ?
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair !
'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before ;
Ah, my soul, for such a wonder
Wilt thou not undo the door ?
25

2 Knocking ! knocking ! still He's there !
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair,
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3 Knocking ! knocking ! what, still there ?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair ;
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crowned hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour waiting there.

HARRIET B. STOWE. 1872.

100 C. M.
Those that seek Me early shall find Me.—Prov. viii. 17.

1 YE hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near ;
And turn from every mortal charm
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays His shining glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see My face
Is sure My love to gain ;
And those who early seek My grace
Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul shall move,
If once compared with Thee ?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see ?

5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind !
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

F. DODDRIDGE. 1755.

101 L. M.
Jesus said, I am the light of the world.—John ix. 5.

1 OH, do not let the word depart,
Nor close thine eyes against the light ;
Convicted youth, steel not thy heart :
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night ?

2 Jesus is here ; He waits to bless ;
Paid is the debt, and finished quite
The mighty work—then look and live !
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night ?

3 The loving Saviour waiteth still ;
His wondrous patience do not slight ;
Renounce at once thy stubborn will ;
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night ?

4 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy half-awakened sight ;
Now is the time ;—oh, then, be wise,
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night ?
J. T. WIGNER. 1845.

THE CALL HEARD AND ACCEPTED.

102

8.7.8.1.
Come, let us return to the Lord.
Hos. vi. 1.

- 1 **L**OST one! wandering on in sadness,
None to guide or comfort thee,
Vainly seeking rest and gladness,
Far, far from Me.
- 2 Peace I offer, and salvation,
Pardon—blood-bought, full, and free—
Spurn no more My invitation,
Come, come to Me.
- 3 Long I've watched thee blindly straying,
Long have I been calling thee;
Time flies swiftly, cease delaying,
Haste, haste to Me.
- 4 Lord! I come, my sins confessing,
Jesus' blood my only plea;
Keep me in the path of blessing,
Close, close to Thee.
- 5 Then, when I am called to sever
From the friends so dear to me,
I shall dwell in heaven for ever,
Blest, blest with Thee.

J. M. WIGNER. 1870.

103

10s.
Come, for all things are now ready.
Luke xiv. 17.

- 1 **"Y**ET there is room!" The Lamb's
bright hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along.
Room, room, still room!
Oh, enter, enter now!
- 2 Day is declining and the sun is low:
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste
to go.
- 3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast,
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's
guest.
- 4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste: 'tis not too full
for thee.
- 5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the
gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late.
- 6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free.
- 7 All heaven is there: all joy! Go in, go in,
The angels beckon thee the prize to win.
- 8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal
hall.
- 9 Ere night that gate may close and seal
thy doom: [room!]
Then the last low, long cry, "No room, no
No room, no room!"
Oh, woful cry, "No room!"

H. BONAR. 1874.

THE CALL HEARD AND ACCEPTED.

104

P.M.
Look unto Me and be ye saved.
Isa. xlv. 22.

- 1 **T**HERE is life for a look at the Crucified
One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be
saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.
*Ref.—*Look! look! look and live!
There is life for a look at the Cru-
cified One, [thee.
There is life at this moment for
- 2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy sins were not laid?
Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-
cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?
- 3 It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the blood, that atones for the soul;
On Him then who shed it thou mayest at
Thy weight of iniquities roll. [once
- 4 We are healed by His stripes;—would'st
thou add to the Word?—
And He is our righteousness made.
The best robe of heaven He bids thee put
Oh, could'st thou be better arrayed? [on:
- 5 There is life for a look at the Crucified
One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be
saved,
And know thyself spotless as He.

A. M. HULL. 1860.

105

8.6.8.4.
Henceforth I call you . . . friends.
John xv. 15.

- 1 **L**O, a loving Friend is waiting,
He is calling thee;
Listen to His voice so tender,
"Come to Me."
- 2 On the cross for thee I suffered,
Death I bore for thee;
Canst thou still refuse My mercy?
Trust to Me.
- 3 "Long hast thou been Satan's captive,
I will set thee free;
Then, rejoicing in thy freedom,
Follow Me."
- 4 Many times has Jesus spoken,
Now He speaks again:
Shall thy Saviour's invitation
Be in vain?
- 5 Soon that voice will cease its calling,
Wilt thou still delay?
Wait no longer, sin grows stronger,
Yield to-day.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

6 Saviour, I will wait no longer,
Now to Thee I come:
And when life's short voyage is over,
Take me home.

J. M. WIGNER. 1877.

106 C.M.
*With my whole heart have I sought
Thee.—Ps. cxix. 10.*

1 MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

2 Before the Cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious Face,
And worship near Thy throne.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

5 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

M. BRIDGES. 1848.

107 C.M.
*Thou art the guide of my youth.
Jer. iii. 4.*

1 O JESUS, Saviour, we are young;
We come before Thy throne,
And pray, in this our youthful song,
To lean on Thee alone.

2 Dark, dark may be our future way,
Our course is all unknown;
Help us, in darkness or in day,
To lean on Thee alone.

3 The day is hot, the work is hard,
Much time already gone;
Help us, in all our hearts' regard,
To lean on Thee alone.

4 When Satan comes with fiery dart,
Oh, help us from Thy throne
To hold our refuge in Thy heart,
And lean on Thee alone.

5 Parents will die, and friends will fail;
But, when the mourner's tone
Shall over every sound prevail,
We'll lean on Thee alone.

E. PAXTON HOOD. 1862.

108 7.6.
The door was shut.—Matt. xxv. 10.

1 O JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er;
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His sacred name who bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking,
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred;
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading—
In accents meek and low—
"I died for you, My children,
And will you treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door,
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

W. WALSHAM HOW. 1836.

109 7.6.
*O Lord, truly I am Thy servant.
Ps. cxvi. 16.*

1 IN full and glad surrender,
I give myself to Thee,
Thine utterly and only
And evermore to be.

2 O Son of God who lov'st me,
I will be Thine alone;
And all I have, and am, Lord,
Shall henceforth be Thine own!

3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus;
O make my heart Thy throne,
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.

4 Oh, come and reign, Lord Jesus;
Rule over everything!
And keep me always loyal,
And true to Thee, my King.

F. R. HAVERGAL. 1876.

110 L.M.
Pilgrims on the earth.—Heb. xi. 13.

1 I WOULD a youthful pilgrim be,
Resolved alone to follow Thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who now art gone
Up to Thine everlasting throne.

2 I would my heart to Thee resign;
O come, and make it wholly Thine!
Set up Thy kingdom, Lord, within,
And cast out every thought of sin.

THE CALL HEARD AND ACCEPTED.

3 Be it my chief desire to prove
How much I owe, how much I love;
Contentedly my cross to take,
And meekly bear it for Thy sake.

4 Then, when my pilgrimage is o'er,
And I can serve Thee here no more,
Within Thy temple, God of love,
I'll serve Thee day and night above.

MRS. REED. 1844.

111

S.M.

My son, give Me thine heart.
Prov. xxiii. 26.

1 I GIVE my heart to Thee,
O Jesus most desired!
And heart for heart the gift shall be,
For Thou my soul hast fired;
Thou hearts alone wouldst move,
Thou only hearts dost love;
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!

2 What offering can I make,
Dear Lord, to love like Thine?
That Thou, the Word, didst stoop to take
A human form like mine!
"Give Me thy heart, My son:"
Lord, Thou my heart hast won;
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!

3 Here finds my heart its rest,
Repose that knows no shock,
The strength of love that keeps it blest
In Thee, the riven Rock:
My soul, as girt around,
Her citadel hath found:
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!

ANCIENT LATIN HYMN.
TR. BY RAY PALMER. 1868.

112

S.M.

*Let me not wander from Thy
commandments.*—Ps. cxix. 10.

1 NOW, in my early days,
Teach me Thy will to know;
O Lord, Thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow!

2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of Thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And flee from every snare.

3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to Thyself alone,
And make it wholly Thine.

4 Lord, let Thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my future days,
My treasure and my joy.

29

5 To what Thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined;
Oh, let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind!

6 May Thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

JOHN FAWCETT. 1810.

113

S.S.

*When they heard that Jesus passed
by, they cried out.*—Matt. xx. 30.

1 PASS me not, O gracious Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Raf.—Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble
cry,
And while others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

4 Thou, the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Who in heaven but Thee?

F. J. CROSBY. 1874.

114

S.S.

There shall be showers of blessing.
Ezek. xxxiv. 26.

1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me, Even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me, Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour;
When Thou comest call for me, Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me, Even me.

C

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me,
Even me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

7 Pass me not, this lost one bringing,
Satan's slave, Thy child shall be;
All my heart to Thee is springing;
Blessing others, oh, bless me,
Even me.
ELIZABETH CODNER. 1860.

115

8.8.8.6. or L.M.
*And he arose, and came to his
father.—Luke xv. 20.*

1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot; [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!
C. ELLIOT. 1836.

116

7s.
*Lead me to the Rock that is higher
than I.—Ps. lxi. 2*

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

30

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Black, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of ages! shelter me!
Let me hide myself in Thee!

CHAS. WESLEY. 1740.

THE CALL ACCEPTED AND REJOICED IN.

117

L.M.
*He went on his way rejoicing.
Acts. viii. 39.*

1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
F. DODDRIDGE. 1755.

118

C.M.
*I will sing unto Thy name.
Rom. xv. 9.*

1 THERE is a name I love to hear,
I love to speak its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

THE CALL ACCEPTED AND REJOICED IN.

- 3 It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon His child;
It cheers me through this little while,
Through desert, waste, and wild.
- 4 Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.
- 5 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road;
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.
- 6 And there, with all the blood-bought
From sin and sorrow free. (throng,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

F. WHITFIELD. 1857.

119

10.10.10.4.

The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—Eph. iii. 19.

- 1 IT passeth knowledge, that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus, Saviour; yet this soul of mine
Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and length, [strength,
Its height and depth, and everlasting
Know more and more.
- 2 It passeth telling, that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus, Saviour; yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim, to sinners far and near,
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.
- 3 It passeth praises, that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus, Saviour; yet this heart of mine
Would sing that love, so full, so rich, so free,
Which brings a rebel sinner, such as me,
Nigh unto God.
- 4 Oh, fill me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love!
Lead, lead me to the living fount above;
Thither may I, in simple faith, draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto Thee.
- 5 And when my Jesus face to face I see,
When at His lofty throne I bow the knee;
Then of His love, in all its breadth and length, [strength,
Its height and depth, its everlasting
My soul shall sing.

MARY SHEKLETON. 1863.

120

7.8.

The testimony of Jesus.—Rev. i. 2

- 1 I LOVE to tell the Story, of unseen things above, [His love!
Of Jesus and His glory, of Jesus and
I love to tell the Story, because I know
It's true; [would do.
It satisfies my longing, as nothing else
31

Cho.—I love to tell the Story!
"Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and His love.

- 2 I love to tell the Story: more wonderful it seems [golden dreams.
Than all the golden fancies of all our
I love to tell the Story; it did so much
for me: [to thee.
And that is just the reason I tell it now
- 3 I love to tell the Story: 'tis pleasant to repeat [wonderfully sweet.
What seems, each time I tell it, more
I love to tell the Story: for some have
never heard [Holy Word.
The message of salvation from God's own
- 4 I love to tell the Story; for those who know it best [like the rest:
Seem hungering and thirsting to hear it,
And when, in scenes of glory, I sing the
New, New Song, [loved so long.
"Twill be the Old, Old Story, that I have
MISS HANKEY. 1874.

121

S.M.

Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house.—Ps. xxvi. 8.

- 1 I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode;
The Church our blest Redeemer saved,
With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of he ".

10HT. 1800.

122

6.5.6.5.7.7.

*Save us, O Lord, our God.
Ps. cvi. 47.*

- 1 O MY Saviour, hear me,
Draw me close to Thee;
Thou hast paid my ransom,
Thou hast died for me;
Now by simple faith I claim
Pardon through Thy gracious name;
Thou, my Ark of safety,
Let me fly to Thee.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

2 O my Saviour, bless me!
Bless me while I pray;
Grant Thy grace to help me,
Take my sins away;
I believe Thy promise, Lord,
I will trust Thy holy word;
Thou my soul's Redeemer,
Bless me while I pray.

3 O my Saviour, love me!
Make me all Thine own;
Leave me not to wander
In this world alone;
Bless my way with light divine,
Let Thy glory round me shine;
Thou, my Rock, my Refuge,
Make me all Thine own.

4 O my Saviour, guard me!
Keep me evermore;
Bless me, love me, guide me,
Till my work is o'er:
May I then, with glad surprise,
Chant Thy praise beyond the skies;
There with Thee, my Saviour,
Dwell for evermore.

F. J. CROSBY. 1874.

123 7.6.
Behold the Lamb of God.
John i. 29.

1 O LAMB of God most lowly!
All free from spot and stain,
Oh, help us now to seek Thee,
And sing Thy praise again.

2 O Lamb of God most holy!
So great and yet so meek,
May we, when pride allures us,
Thy lowly spirit seek.

3 O Lamb of God most gentle!
And yet so good and true,
May we when passion tempts us,
Thy gentleness pursue.

4 O Lamb of God most lovely!
To Thee our faith would flee;
Reveal to us Thy beauty,
And win our hearts to Thee.

W. F. BALFERN. 1875.

SEEKING MORE GRACE.

124 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.
He will draw nigh to you.
James iv. 8.

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though a cross it be
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

82

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee.

5 And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. 1840.

125 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
Lord, increase our faith.
Luke xvii. 5.

1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, may I from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

RAY PALMER. 1830.

SEEKING MORE GRACE.

126

6.5.

Draw nigh to my soul.—Ps. lxxix. 18.

- 1 **D**RAW nearer, my Saviour,
In mercy behold
And keep me for ever,
Safe, safe in the fold:
More watchful and trusting,
Oh, help me to be,
More holy, dear Saviour,
More faithful to Thee.
- 2 More humble in spirit,
More fervent in prayer,
More cheerful and willing
My trials to bear:
More earnest in labour
Oh, help me to be,
More holy, dear Saviour,
More faithful to Thee.
- 3 Come, blessed Redeemer,
Now dwell in my heart:
My hope and my comfort
For ever Thou art;
In all my temptations,
Oh, help me to be
More holy, dear Saviour,
More faithful to Thee.

F. J. CROSEY. 1874.

127

7.6.

Unto you who believe, He is precious.—1 Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 **I** NEED Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within;
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 2 I need Thee, blessed Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus,
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.
- 3 I need Thee, blessed Jesus!
I need a friend like Thee;
A friend to soothe my sorrows,
A friend to care for me;
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every want to,
And all my sorrows share.
- 4 I need Thee, blessed Jesus!
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne;
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

F. WHITFIELD. 1859.

128

7.8.

Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart.—Matt. xi. 28.

- 1 **O** JESUS! meek and lowly,
Who once did sojourn here;
O Jesus! pure and holy,
Thy gentle voice I hear!
It speaks from out the pages
Of Thine own Book divine;
It comes all down the ages,
To weary hearts like mine.
- 2 O Jesus! meek and lowly,
Of comforters the best;
O Jesus! pure and holy,
To me Thou offer'st rest.
Rest from all mental anguish,
The rest of sin forgiven,
Rest when I fail and languish,
The perfect rest of heaven.
- 3 O Jesus! meek and lowly,
I look to Thee alone;
O Jesus! pure and holy,
To Thee for rest I come;
I trust and so believe Thee,
I seek Thy blessed face;
Receive me, oh, receive me,
Within Thy kind embrace!

J. F. SMYTHE. 1880.

129

7.6.

Pray to thy Father who is in secret, Matt. vi. 6.

- 1 **G**O when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling every fear away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be:
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
The spirit raised above,
May reach His throne of glory,
Of mercy, truth, and love.
- 4 Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,
Before His footstool fall;
Remember in thy gladness
His grace who gave thee all:
Oh, not a joy or blessing
With this we can compare—
The power that He hath given us,
To pour our souls in prayer.

JANE C. SIMPSON. 1831.

OUR SAVIOUR'S CALL

130

8.7.
He calleth His own sheep by name.
John x. 3.

- 1 **W**AS there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?
- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour,
There is healing in His blood.
- 3 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
- 4 Pining souls! come nearer Jesus;
And, oh, come not doubting thus;
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.
- 5 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. FABER. 1862.

131

8.7.
I am Thine, save me.—Pa. cxix. 94.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, while my heart is tender
I would yield that heart to Thee;
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine, to be.
- 2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,
Let my youthful heart be Thine;
Thy devoted servant make me,
Fill my soul with love divine.
- 3 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.
- 4 Let me do Thy will or bear it
I would know no will but Thine;
Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.
- 5 May this solemn dedication
Never once forgotten lie;
Let it know no revocation,
Published and confirmed on high.
- 6 **T**hine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee never;
Seal Thine image on my heart.

J. BURTON. 1814.

132

8.8.8.4. or L.M.
Thy will be done.—Matt. vi. 10.

- 1 **M**Y God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough
Oh, teach me from my heart to say, (way,
Thy will be done!
- 2 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine:
I only yield Thee what was Thine;—
Thy will be done!
- 3 'E'en if again I ne'er should see
The friends more dear than life to me,
Ere long we both shall be with Thee;—
Thy will be done!
- 4 Should pining sickness waste away
My life, in premature decay!
My Father, still I strive to say,
Thy will be done!
- 5 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;—
Thy will be done!
- 6 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!
- 7 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore;—
Thy will be done!

G. ELLIOTT. 1834.

133

L.M.
The hour of prayer.—Acts iii. 1.

- 1 **S**WEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer]!
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
May I thy consolation share, [prayer]!
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight.
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of
prayer!"

J. BRADBURY. 1874.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

134

S.M.
So shall we ever be with the Lord.
1 Thess. xiv. 17.

- 1 **F**OR ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word:
'Tis Immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
- 3 My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints—
Jerusalem above.
- 4 For ever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfil.
- 5 Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, so I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.
- 6 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
- 7 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word!
And oft repeat before the throne,
For ever with the Lord!

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1835.

135

7s.
I go to prepare a place for you.
John xiv. 2.

- 1 **M**ANSIONS are prepared above,
By the gracious God of love;
Many will those mansions see,—
Is there one prepared for me?
- 2 Crowns that dazzle human eye,
Wait for those who reach the sky,
Many will those bright crowns be,—
Is there one prepared for me?
- 3 Robes of spotless white are given,
By the glorious King of heaven;
All can have them, they are free,—
Is there one prepared for me?

35

- 4 Harps of solemn sound above,
Swell loud praises to His love;
Oh! how sweet their sound will be,—
Is there one prepared for me?

S. WATSON.

136

C.M.
*It doth not yet appear what we
shall be.—1 John iii. 2.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a heaven of perfect peace,
The eternal throne is there;
But what that tearless region is
It doth not yet appear.
- 2 And there are angels strong and fair,
Who know not sin nor fear;
But what the robes of white they wear
It doth not yet appear.
- 3 And there are ransomed spirits, too,
Who once were pilgrims here;
But how the Saviour's face they view
It doth not yet appear.
- 4 And there are sweet commingling
thoughts,
And blest communion there;
But how they blend their heavenly notes
It doth not yet appear.
- 5 And there is worship in the sky,
And songs of loftiest cheer;
But how they sweep their harps on high
It doth not yet appear.
- 6 Then, O my soul, with patience wait;
The happy hour is near
When thou shalt pass the pearly gate,
Where it will all appear.

ELIEL DAVIS. 1836.

137

S.M.
*They need no candle, neither light
of the sun.—Rev. xxii. 5.*

- 1 **T**HERE is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.
- 2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day;
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.
- 3 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessed throng—
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song!
- 4 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

- 5 Lord Jesus, be our Guide;
Oh, lead us safely on,
Till night and grief and sin and death
Are past, and heaven is won!
F. M. KNOLLIS. 1860.

138 8s.

The things which are not seen.
2 Cor. iv. 18.

- 1 **W**E speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed—
But what must it be to be there?
- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare;
Its wonders and pleasures untold,—
But what must it be to be there?
- 3 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the Firstborn above—
But what must it be to be there?
- 4 We speak of its freedom from sin;
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there?
- 5 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
Then soon shall we joyfully know
And feel what it is to be there.
ELIZABETH MILLS. 1829.

139 C.M.

There shall be no night there.
Rev. xxii. 5.

- 1 **O** HAPPY land! O happy land!
Where saints and angels dwell,
We long to join that glorious band,
And all their anthems swell.
But every voice in yonder throng
On earth has breathed a prayer;
No lips untaught may join that song,
Or learn the music there.
- 2 The saints in light! the saints in light!
What joys to them are given;
Their robes are pure, their crowns are
bright,
Their peaceful home is heaven.
Their robes are cleansed from every stain,
By bleeding, dying love;
On earth they served, and now they reign
As kings and priests above.
- 3 Thou heavenly Friend! Thou heavenly
Oh, teach us how to pray: [Friend!
Now let Thy pardoning grace descend,
And take our sins away.
Be all our fresh, our youthful days,
To Thy blest service given.
Then we shall meet to sing Thy praise,
A ransomed band in heaven.
ELIZABETH PARSON, 1836.

140 P.M.

A better country, that is a heavenly.
Heb. xi. 16.

- 1 **T**HERE'S a beautiful land where the
rains never beat,
And the keen east winds never blow:
And they feel not the glow of the summer
Nor the chill of the winter snow. [beat,
Cho.—Tis heaven, sweet heaven, that
beautiful land;
There's nothing on earth
Of true beauty or worth [land.
To compare with the beautiful
- 2 There is many a child in that beautiful
land;
We have brothers and sisters there;
And they dwell with the angels a happy
Their glory and joy to share. [band,
- 3 There was never a tear in that beautiful
land;
There was never a mourner seen;
The people in pure white raiment stand
In the fields that are always green.
- 4 And Jesus lives in that beautiful land.
And He says to the children, Come:
And sometimes He takes them from our
band,
To dwell in that beautiful home.

- 5 And if Jesus shall help me by His grace,
There I, too, in light shall stand,
And join in the songs of glorious praise,
In the fields of the beautiful land.
E. PAXTON HOOD. 1869.

141 P.M.

They shall be Mine—in that day.
Mal. iii. 17.

- 1 **W**HEN He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.
- Cho.*—Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty
Bright gems for His crown.
- 2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom:
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.
- 3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.
W. O. CUSHING. 1874.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

142

P.M.

Through the gates into the city.
Rev. xxii. 14

1 **B**EYOND the dark river a land I behold,
A country all fair, and a city of gold;
Sweet home, where the burdened and
weary find rest : [blest.
The home of my Father—the land of the
Cho.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The home of my Father—there's
no place like home.

2 How soft is the air, and how pure is the
light ! [night !
How clear is the sky, never darkened by
The beams of the sun neither scorch nor
grow pale ;
The waters of life ever flow—never fail.

3 There Jesus, with all His redeemed shall
appear, [tear ;
His soft hand so gently shall wipe every
No sorrow, no sighing, no sickness is
there, [share.
And angels immortal the rapture shall

4 The crowns in those mansions shall
always be bright : [white :
The robes of the ransomed shall ever be
The harps of the blessed—their music how
long ! [song.
Salvation, salvation, how sweet is their
G. T. CONGREVE. 1870.

143

P.M.

I will give the water of life freely.
Rev. xxi. 6.

1 **O**H, have you not heard of a beautiful
stream,
That flows through our Father's land ?
Its waters gleam bright
In the heavenly light,
And ripple o'er golden sand.
Cho.—Oh, seek that beautiful stream !
Its waters so free,
Are flowing for thee :
Oh, seek that beautiful stream !

2 With murmuring sound doth it wander
along
Through fields of eternal green,
Where songs of the blest
In their haven of rest,
Float soft on the air serene.

3 Its fountains are deep, and its waters are
And sweet to the weary soul ; [pure,
It flows from the throne
Of Jehovah alone ;
Oh, come where its bright waves roll !

4 This beautiful stream is the river of life,
It flows for all nations free ;
A balm for each wound
In its waters is found ;
Oh, sinner, it flows for thee !

37

5 Oh, will you not drink of the beautiful
stream
And dwell on its peaceful shore ?
The Spirit says, Come,
All ye weary ones home,
And wander in sin no more.

144

10s.

He hath prepared for them a city.
Heb. xi. 16.

1 **J**OYFULLY, joyfully onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits
above ;
Jesus our Saviour, in mercy says Come !
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home,
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go ;
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been
given.
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.

2 Teachers and kindred have passed on
before, [shore,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the
Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the
ear ; [shall hear,
Harps of the blessed, your strains we
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome :
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

3 Death with his arrow may soon lay us
low,
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow ;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb ;
Joyfully, joyfully, will we go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death will be conquered, his sceptre be
gone ; [roam,
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.
E. H. HUNTER. 1870.

145

P.M.

*The redeemed shall come with sing-
ing to Zion.—Isa. li. 11.*

1 **H**ARK ! hark, my soul, angelic songs
are swelling [wave-beat shore :
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's
How sweet the truth those blessed strains
are telling, [more.
Of that new life when sin shall be no
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the
night !

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them
singing, [come :"
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly
ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps

4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will

5 Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping
And life's long shadows break in cloud-

F. W. FABER. 1862.

146

8.7.
Gather My saints together unto Me.
Ps. l. 5.

1 **S**HALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?
Cho.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful

river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Lift their songs of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

B. LOWRY. 1870.

147

P.M.
My Father's house.—John xiv. 2.

1 **O**H, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.
Cho.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

88

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod—
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

3 My Saviour is now over there, [rest;
There my kindred and friends are at
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

4 I shall soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there
Are watching and waiting for me.
D. W. C. HUNTINGDON.

148

8.6.8.6.
Caught up into Paradise.
2 Cor. xii. 4.

1 **O** PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?

Cho.—Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
Thy weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.

F. W. FABER. 1862.

149

C.M.
And there shall be no more death.
Rev. xxi. 4.

1 **T**HE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh, for the golden floor!
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

- 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul washed white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!
- 3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire:
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
Oh, by Thy life laid down,
Oh, that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!
- C. F. ALEXANDER. 1853.

150

7.6.
Israel then shall dwell in safety.
Deut. xxxiii. 28.

- 1 **S**AFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.
Chor.—Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
- 2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!
- 3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
- FANNY CROSBY. 1870.

151

7.6.
The glory of God did lighten it.
Rev. xxi. 23.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation,
Sink heart and voice oppress.
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare!

39

- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song;
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the throne of David:
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.
- 4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect;
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.
- BERNARD OF CLUNY. 1140.

152

C.M.
Let me see the land beyond Jordan.
Deut. iii. 25.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

153

7.6.8.6.

Thousand thousands ministered unto Him.—Dan. vii. 10.

- 1 **T**EN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steepes of light:
'Tis finished! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates
And let the victors in!
- 2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day for which creation
And all its tribes were made.
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid!

- 3 Oh, then, what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

- 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign,
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

DEAN ALFORD. 1867.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

154

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Thy kingdom come.—Matt. vi. 10.

- 1 **F**ATHER of heaven, bless
Missions with great success,
The work is Thine!
Soon may the Gospel sound
Through all the world around,
Till earth's remotest bound
To Thee resign!
- 2 From Greenland's frozen land
To Afric's burning strand,
Make Jesus known!
Till on Him all shall call,
Till every idol fall,
Till He be loved by all,
And served alone.
- 3 O'er every hill and plain
Washed by the western main
Echo the call!
Till gods of wood and stone
Shall all be overthrown,
And Jesus reign alone,
Supreme o'er all!
- 4 Then spread the Gospel's light
Till nations all unite
Beneath His sway!
And let us, as we sing
Praise to our Saviour-King,
Our grateful offerings bring,
To speed the day!

- Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.
- 2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,
Send us out, Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden,
Of weary days for Thee;
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
And see Thy kingdom come.
- 3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,
And fill our souls with light!
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
In linen clean and white;
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with us, where we stand,
And sanctify Thy people
Throughout this happy land.
- 4 Be with us, God the Father!
Be with us, God the Son!
And God, the Holy Spirit!
O blessed Three in One!
Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill us with Thy fulness,
Now, and for evermore.

J. S. B. MONSELL. 1866.

155

7.6.

Fields are white already to harvest.

John iv. 35.

- 1 **L**ORD of the living harvest,
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain;
40

156

8.7.

And as ye go, preach.—Matt. x. 7.

- 1 **H**ARK, the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me"?

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite!
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all,
If you cannot rouse the wicked,
With the Judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you, gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me."
J. A. TODD.

157

7.6.

*The forces of the Gentiles shall
come unto thee.—Isa. lx. 5.*

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

REGINALD HEBER. 1819.

158

6.5.

*There came wise men from the east.
Matt. ii. 1.*

1 FROM the eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To His humble home:
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward
Guided by a Star.

2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way.
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward,
By that guiding Star.

3 Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.

4 Gather in the outcast,
All who go astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way.
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who wander far,
Guide them by Thy brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star;

6 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesus, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where no sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.

GEO. THRING. 1866.

159

7.6.

*His name shall be continued as
long as the sun.—Ps. lxxii. 17.*

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!

TIMES AND SEASONS.

He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth:
Love, joy, and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee,
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

5 To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The mountain dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever—
His great, best name of Love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1822.

160

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Let there be light.—Gen. 1. 8.

1 **THOU**, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray
Let there be light.

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity!
Wisdom! Love! Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth far and wide,
Let there be light!

JOHN MARRIOTT. 1813.

161

L.M.

The Lord shall reign for ever.

Ps. cxlvi. 10.

1 **FROM** all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy word; [shore,
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

MORNING.

162

6.5.

With my song will I praise Him.

Ps. xxviii. 7.

1 **JESUS**, blessed Saviour,
Help us now to raise
Songs of glad thanksgiving,
Songs of holy praise.
O, how kind and gracious
Thou hast always been!

42

O, how many blessings
Every day has seen!
Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Now our praises hear,
For Thy grace and favour
Crowning all the year.

2 Jesus, holy Saviour,
Only Thou canst tell
How we often stumbled,
How we often fell.

MORNING.

All our sins (so many !),
Saviour, Thou dost know ;
In Thy blood most precious,
Wash us white as snow.
Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Keep us in Thy fear,
Let Thy grace and favour
Pardon all the year.

- 3 Jesus, loving Saviour,
Only Thou dost know
All that may befall us,
As we onward go ;
So we humbly pray Thee,
Take us by the hand,
Lead us ever upward
To the better land.
Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Keep us ever near,
Let Thy grace and favour
Shield us all the year.

163

S.M.
*Our feet shall stand within Thy
gates.—Ps. cxxii. 2.*

- 1 **C**OME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray ;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.
- 2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray ;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In the weary heat of day.
- 3 At evening, in thy house,
Around its altar, pray ;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.
- 4 When midnight veils our eyes,
Oh, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord !
With Thee to watch and pray.

BRIGG'S COLLECTION. 1866.

164

S.M.
Early in the morning.
Mark xvi. 2.

- 1 **S**WEETLY the holy hymn
Breaks on the morning air ;
Before the world with smoke is dim
We meet to offer prayer.
- 2 While flowers are wet with dews,
Dew of our souls, descend !
Ere yet the sun the day renews,
O Lord, Thy Spirit send !
- 3 Upon the battle-field,
Before the fight begins,
We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield,
To guard us from our sins.

43

- 4 Ere yet our vessel sails
Upon the stream of day,
We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales
To speed us on our way.

- 5 On the lone mountain side,
Before the morning's light,
The Man of Sorrows wept and cried
And rose refreshed with might.

- 6 O hear us, then, for we
Are very weak and frail ;
We make the Saviour's name our plea,
And surely must prevail.

C. H. SPURGEON. 1866.

165

L.M.
*The Lord's mercies . . . new every
morning.—Sam. iii. 23.*

- 1 **O** TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !
- 2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely
brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.
- 3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven ;
New thoughts of God, new hopes of
heaven.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 5 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

J. KERBLE. 1822.

166

8.8.8.4.
The hour of prayer.—Acts iii. 1.

- 1 **M**Y God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet—
The hour of prayer ?
- 2 For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow ;
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know.
- 3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed ;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven ;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hope of heaven.
- 4 No words can tell what sweet relief :
There for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for
What peace of mind ! [grief—

TIMES AND SEASONS.

5 Hushed is each doubt ; gone every fear ;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay :
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord ! till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

C. ELLIOTT. 1833.

EVENING.

167

6.5.
The night shall be light about me.
Ps. cxxxix. 11.

1 NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Jesus, grant the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee :
Guard the sailors tossing
On the angry sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

5 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Standing round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

7 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to the blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

S. BARING GOULD. 1865.

168

10s.
Let us pass over unto the other side.
Mark iv. 35.

1 THE day was done ; beside the sultry
shore [sea ;
The cooling shadows kissed the restless
The words of wondrous wisdom now were
o'er
That made thy waves so sacred, Galilee !

2 The thronging multitudes, from far and
nigh, [pressed ;
All day around the Master's bark had
And as He taught, the hours sped swiftly
by, [and rest.
And many a weary heart found peace

44

3 The shadows lengthened, softly fell the
dew, [o'er ;
And the long day, with all its toil was
Then spake the Master to His chosen few,
" Let us pass over to the other shore."

4 So, when life's day is ended, and we stand
At even on the brink of death's dark tide,
Oh, may we firmly grasp the Saviour's
hand,
And " pass " in safety to the " other side."

169

S.M.
*I will both lay me down in peace
and sleep.—Ps. iv. 8.*

1 OUR day of praise is done ;
The evening shadows fall,
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all !

2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here ;
Too soon of praise we tire ;
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir !

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end ;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

J. ELLERTON. 1867.

170

S.M.
*Abide with us . . . the day is far
spent.—Luke xxiv. 29.*

1 SAVIOUR, abide with us ;
The day is now far gone ;
We would obtain a blessing thus,
By coming to Thy throne.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Where suns can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er ;
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore.

J. M. NEALE. 1848.

171

7.6.7.6.8.8.

*Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell
in safety.*—Ps. iv. 8.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
We pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night!
- 2 The joys of day are over;
We lift our hearts to Thee,
And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And guard us through the coming night!
- 3 The toils of day are over;
We raise our hymn to Thee;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night!
- 4 Be Thou our soul's preserver,
For Thou, O God, dost know
How many are the perils
Awaiting us below;
O loving Jesus, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all!

ANATOLIUS. 450.

172

L. M.

He giveth His beloved sleep.
Ps. cxxvii. 2.

- 1 **S**UN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.
- 3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought,—How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!
- 4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 5 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 6 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.
- 7 Come near and bless us when we wake
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

JOHN KEBLE. 1820.

173

L. M.

*The same day when the even was
come.*—Mark iv. 35.

- 1 **A**T even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay:
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!
- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad:
And some have never loved Thee well;
And some have lost the love they had;
- 4 And some are pressed with worldly care;
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear,
That only Thou canst cast them out;
- 5 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them
pain,
Yet have not sought a Friend in Thee.
- 6 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would love Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 7 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man:
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.
- 8 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

H. TWELLS. 1868.

174

8s.

*He lifted up His hands, and blessed
them.*—Luke xxiv. 50.

- 1 **S**WEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Ref.—Through life's long day and
death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light!
- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

- 1 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty;
And simple hearts withoutull oy,
That only long to be like Thee.
- 2 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared:
Ah! never let our works be soiled:
With strife, or by deceit ensnared:
- 3 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus and our All.

F. W. FABER. 1853.

175

8.7.
*Then said Jesus . . . Peace be
unto you.—John xx. 21.*

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy children be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

JAMES EDMESTON. 1820.

176

L. M.
*Hide me under the shadow of Thy
wings.—Ps. xvii. 8.*

- 1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done:
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.
- 4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THOMAS KEN. 1695.

177

10s.
*Abide with us, for it is toward
evening.—Luke xxiv. 29.*

- 1 ABIDE with me! fast falls the even-
tide; [abide!
The darkness thickens; Lord with me
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwel'st with Thy disciples,
Lord,—
Familiar, condescending, patient, free;
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me!
- 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy
wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with
me;
- 5 I need Thy presence every passing hour,—
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power? [be?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide
with me!
- 6 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitter-
ness; [victory?
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!
- 7 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing
eyes, [th' skies;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY F. LYTE. 1847.

HARVEST.

178

6.5.
The joy in harvest.—Isa. ix. 3.

- 1 EARTH below is teeming,
Heaven is bright above
Every brow is beaming
In the light of love;
Every eye rejoices,
Every thought is praise;
Happy hearts and voices
Gladden nights and days.
Chor.—O Almighty Giver!
Bountiful and free,
As the joy in harvest,
Joy we before Thee.

NEW YEAR.

- 2 Every youth and maiden,
On the harvest plain,
Round the waggons laden
With their golden grain,
Swell the happy chorus,
On the evening air,
Unto Him who o'er us
Bends with constant care.
- 3 For the sun and showers,
For the rain and dew,
For the nurturing hours
Spring and summer knew;
For the golden autumn,
And its precious stores,
For the love that brought them
Teeming to our doors.
- 4 Earth's broad harvest whitens
In a brighter sun;
Thou the orb that lightens
All we tread upon;
Send out labourers, Father!
Where fields ripening wave;
All the nations gather,
Gather in and save.
O Almighty Giver!
Bountiful and free,
Then as joy in harvest
We shall joy in Thee.

J. S. H. MONSELL. 1863.

179

C.M.

*Seed-time and harvest . . . shall
not cease.*—Gen. viii. 22.

- 1 **T**O praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers;
He calls, and at His voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His covenant with the earth He keeps;
My tongue, His goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well pleased, the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with Thy beams
The ripening harvest bless.

JOHN NEEDHAM. 1768.

180

7a.

*They joy before Thee, according to
the joy in harvest.*—Isa. ix. 3.

- 1 **C**OME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home.
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:—
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home.

47

- 2 All this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of Harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.
- 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
To Thy final Harvest-Home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide;
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home.

DEAN ALFORD. 1844

NEW YEAR.

7.5.

181

I will glorify Thy name.
Ps. lxxxvi. 12.

- 1 **F**ATHER, here we dedicate
This new year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have us be,
Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Freedom dare we claim;
This alone shall be our prayer:
"Glorify Thy name."
- 2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim;
Nor withholdest aught that may
"Glorify Thy name."
- 3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys we yet partake;
If in life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may break;
Thee our hearts, while glad they sing,
Shall in all proclaim;
And whate'er the year may bring,
"Glorify Thy name."
- 4 If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all our gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
May we think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
In His footsteps follow on;
"Glorify Thy name."

L. TUTTLETT. 1866

D 2

TIMES AND SEASONS.

182

7.6.

The years of the right hand of the Most High.—Ps. lxxvii. 10.

1 **A** NOTHER year is dawning;

Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

2 Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

3 Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace,
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

4 Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy presence all our days.

5 Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love,
Another year of training
For holier work above.

6 Another year is dawning;
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee.

F. H. HAVERGAL. 1870.

SABBATH MORNING.

183

S.M.

Seek those things which are above.
Col. iii. 1.

1 **R**ISE, heart! thy Lord arose
With the first morning ray;
Leave far below thy cares and woes;
It is the rising day!

2 Rise with a spirit's love,
Follow the Master's way,
And seek the things that are above;
It is Ascension day!

3 Mount in the holy light;
Up! to the calm serene!
To heavenly places take thy flight,
Where Christ, the Lord, is seen.

4 Ascend where angels soar!
Pray with them side by side;
And with the white-robed Church adore
Thy Saviour glorified.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1857.

184

S.M.

This is the day the Lord hath made.—Ps. cxv. 24.

1 **T**HIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night
And chase its gloom away.

48

2 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the noise of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

3 This is the day of prayer;
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

4 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

J. ELLERTON. 1863.

185

7.6.

It began to dawn toward the first of the week.—Matt. xxviii. 1.

1 **T**HE dawn of God's dear Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain.
It comes as cooling showers
To some enchanted land,
As shade of clustered palm-trees
Mid weary waste of sand.

2 Lord, we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labour,
Of steady, faithful toil;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit,
In our humility.

3 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone!
So many talents wasted,
So few bright laurels won!

4 May we in joy and gladness
Reach Thy dear home at last,
When life's short week of sorrow
And sin and strife is passed;
When angel-hands have gathered
The fair, ripe fruit for Thee,
O Father, Lord, Redeemer,
Most Holy Trinity.

ADA CAMBRIDGE. 1866.

186

L.M.

The rest of the holy Sabbath.
Exod. xvi. 23.

1 **A** NOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

SABBATH MORNING.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw, from heaven, that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which, for the Church of God remains
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 With joy, great God, Thy works we view
In various scenes, both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies past;
With hope we future pleasures taste.

6 In holy duties, let the day
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!
JOSEPH STEWART. 1712.

187 7.6.
This is the day the Lord hath made.—Ps. cxviii. 24.

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly,
Before the eternal throne,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great Three in One!

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth,
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams from Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 Thou art a holy ladder,
Where angels go and come;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven our home:
A day of sweet refection
Thou art, a day of love;
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

5 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls,
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

6 May we, new graces gaining
From this our day of rest,
Attain the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest three in One.

C. WORDSWORTH,
BISHOP OF LINCOLN. 1832.

188 11s.
God blessed the Sabbath-day.
Gen. ii. 3.

1 HOW sweet is the Sabbath, a morning
of rest, [best!
The day of the week I love dearest and
This morning my Saviour arose from the
tomb, [doom.
And broke all the fetters of sin and its
How sweet is the Sabbath, a morning
of rest, [best!
The day of the week I love dearest and

2 Oh, let me be thoughtful and good all the
day, [play;
Nor spend e'en a moment in trifling or
Oh, let me remember these Sabbaths
were given [heaven.
To fit me, instruct me, prepare me for

3 In the house of the Lord, in His presence
and fear,
When I worship to-day may I be sincere;
In the school when I learn, may I do it
with care, [there.
And be grateful to all who watch over me

4 Assist me, blest Saviour, wherever I be,
To live as becometh a follower of Thee;
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in Thy
ways; [give Thee the praise.
I would love Thee, and serve Thee, and

189 C.M.
We will rejoice and be glad.
Ps. cxviii. 24.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

190

7s.

When evening was come, He was there.—Matt. xiv. 23.

- 1 SOON shall set the Sabbath sun;
Soon the sacred day be done;
But a sweeter rest remains
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.
- 2 Pleasant is our Sabbath song;
Still its joyous notes prolong;
Christ the Lord we love to praise,
Wondrous in His works and ways.
- 3 But a music sweeter far
Breathes where angel spirits are;
Higher far than earthly strains,
Where the rest of God remains.
- 4 Shall we ever rise to dwell
Where immortal praises swell?
And can children hope to go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow?
- 5 Yes; that rest our own may be
All the saved shall Jesus see;
For the saint a rest remains
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

AMERICAN. 1843.

191

7s.

The same day at evening came Jesus.—John xx. 19.

- 1 JESUS, Lord of Sabbath rest,
Waft Thy Sabbath o'er my breast,
Let the evening blessing come,
Soft and still as thoughts of home.
- 2 Hush to calm the fretful fear,
Wipe away the mourner's tear,
Be our souls, with Thee so nigh,
Peaceful as the silent sky.
- 3 Let the lessons of Thy word
Still from memory's voice be heard;
So, as under gentle showers,
Quiet growth this day be ours.
- 4 Oh, Thou Lord of Sabbath rest,
Let us sleep as on Thy breast,
So with morning light shall come
Toil on earth, or rest at Home!

192

7s.

The sun was setting.—Luke iv. 40.

- 1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath-day;
Gently as life's setting sun
When the Christian's course is run.
- 2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.
- 3 Still the Spirit lingers near
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.
- 4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in Thee!
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

S. F. SMITH. 1878.

193

L.M.

All the congregation said Amen, and praised the Lord.—Neh. v. 13.

- 1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all my pleasure, or my play,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of Thy word,
That I may break Thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, having pardon through His blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

194

10s.

Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.—Ps. cxlix. 2.

- 1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we
raise, [praise;
With one accord, our parting hymn of
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship
cease, [peace.
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of
- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward
way; [the day:
With Thee began, with Thee shall end
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts
from shame, [name.
That in this house have called upon Thy

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, [strife;
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. ELLERTON. 1866.

195

7a.

The shadows of evening are stretched out.—Jer. vi. 4.

1 **A**NOTHER Sabbath ended,
Its peaceful hours all flown,
We come to close its worship,
O Lord, before Thy throne
We bless Thee for this earnest
Of better rest above;
This token of Thy kindness,
This pledge of boundless love.

2 We would prolong its moments,
And linger yet awhile
Amid its closing shadows,
Illumined by Thy smile.
Our souls shall know no darkness
While we may look to Thee;
Our eyes shall ne'er grow weary
While we Thy face can see.

3 O Jesus! our dear Saviour,
To Thee our songs we raise;
Our hearts, by care untroubled,
Uplift themselves in praise.
For to God's truce with labour
More glory Thou hast given;
And Sabbaths now are sweeter
Since Christ the Lord has risen.

4 O Lord! again we bless Thee
For such a day as this:
So rich in ancient glories,
So bright with hopes of bliss.
Oh, may we reach Thy perfect,
Thine endless day of rest:
Then lay our earth-worn spirits
Upon our Father's breast!

T. V. TYMMS. 1866.

PART II.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

196

7a.

Having obtained help of God, I continue.—Acts xxvi. 22.

1 **F**OR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year!
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Father and Redeemer, hear.

2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength! be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own,
Help, oh! help us to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.

51

5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords and King of kings.

H. DOWNTON. 1843.

197

7a.

*Children in the temple...saying,
Hosanna.*—Matt. xxi. 15.

1 **H**AIL the children's festal day!
Glad we sing our opening lay;
Glad we see each other's face
In this happy meeting-place.
But one Friend we ask to stay
In the midst of us to-day:

Oho.—Jesus, Saviour, near us be
While the children sing to Thee.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

- 2 Gladsome ones are in His sight,
Happy spirits, faces bright!
Light the hearts that gather here,
Where the friends we love appear;
But a cloud is o'er the day
If the Saviour keep away.
- 3 We have learned to love Thy name;
For the children Jesus came,
Bless'd the merry little bands,
Touched them with His gentle hands,
Loved to have them by His side,
And to save them even died.
- 4 We are young, and little know
Of the way we have to go:
We are dark, and need His light,
For we cannot tell the right;
Christ, the children's Friend, is strong,
He will save us from all wrong.
- 5 When our lives on earth shall end,
May we to His home ascend,
May we gather at His feet,
May we there each other meet,
May we sing the glad new song
Sung by all the heavenly throng.
MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

198

7.6.
The Lord is thy keeper.
Ps. cxxi. 5.

- 1 ONCE more, with joyous greeting
We crown another year,
And at this gladsome meeting
Each worker bid good cheer.
With anthems of devotion
We join the choir above,
And say, with sweet emotion,
Our Master's name is Love.
- 2 For blessed work and wages,
With pleasures yet untold,
For children of all ages
Allured within the fold,
We lift to heaven our voices;
And gratefully would own,
While every heart rejoices,
The praise is God's alone.
- 3 With strong Divine assurance
Our vows we now renew;
With Christ-like, meek endurance
Our souls, O Lord, imbue;
And soon, amid our yearning,
Permit us all to see
The young around us turning
With loving hearts to Thee.

199

P.M.
Joy shall be in heaven over one.
Luke xv. 7.

- 1 RING the bells of heaven! there is joy
to-day
For a soul returning from the wild!
See, the Father meets him out upon the
way,
Welcoming His weary, wandering child.

52

Cho.—Glory! glory! how the angels sing!
Glory! glory! how the loud harps
ring! [mighty sea,
'Tis the ransomed army, like a
Pealing forth the anthem of the
free.

- 2 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-
day
For the wanderer now is reconciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
And is born anew a ransomed child.
- 3 Ring the bells of heaven! spread the
feast to-day! [strain!
Angels, swell the glad triumphant
Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far away!
For a precious soul is born again.
W. O. CUSHING. 1874.

200

S.M.
*Offer for thy first fruits green ears
of corn.—Lev. ii. 14.*

- 1 FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land
When full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper band.
- 2 To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour;
Then carry to His temple gate
The choicest of their store.
- 3 For thus the holy word
Spoken by Moses ran:
The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest He gives to man.
- 4 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee;
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.
- 5 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers:
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.
- 6 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below
And join Thy saints in heaven.

J. H. GURNEY. 1838

201

7.6.
*Let us go into the house of the
Lord.—Ps. cxxii. 1.*

- 1 O THOU, whose hand has brought us
Unto this joyful day,
Accept our glad thanksgiving,
And listen as we pray;
And may our preparation
For this day's service be
With one accord to offer
Ourselves, O Lord, to Thee.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

2 [For this new house we praise Thee,
Reared by Thine own command—
For every generous bosom,
And every willing hand ;
And now within Thy temple
Thy glory let us see ;
For all its strength and beauty
Are nothing without Thee.]

3 And oft as here we gather,
And hearts in worship blend,
May truth reveal its power
And fervent prayer ascend ;
Here may the busy toiler
Rise to the things above ;
The young—the old—be strengthened,
And all men learn Thy love.

4 And as the years roll over,
And strong affections twine,
And tender memories gather
About this sacred shrine,
May this, its chief distinction,
Its glory ever be,
That multitudes within it
Have found their way to Thee.

5 Lord God ! our fathers' helper,
Our joy and hope and stay,
Grant now a gracious earnest
Of many a coming day :
Our yearning hearts Thou knowest,
We wait before Thy throne,
O come, and by Thy presence
Make this new home Thine own !

F. W. GOADBY. 1872.

202 8.8.8.8.8.3.
God is love.—1 John iv. 8.

1 COME, let us all unite and sing, [bring :
God is love !
While heaven and earth their praises
God is love !
Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sweetly sing for Jesus' sake :
God is love !

2 Oh, tell to earth's remotest bound,
God is love !
In Christ is full redemption found ;
God is love !
His blood can cleanse our sins away ;
His Spirit turns our night to day,
And leads our soul with joy to say,
God is love !

3 How happy is our portion here :
God is love !
His promises our spirits cheer :
God is love !
He is our Sun and Shield by day,
By night He near our tents will stay,
He will be with us all the way :
God is love !

4 What though our heart and flesh should
God is love ! [fail,
Through Christ we shall o'er death pre-
God is love ! [vail :
Through Jordan's swell we will not fear,
For Jesus will be with us there,
Our soul above the waves to bear ;
God is love !

5 In Zion we shall sing again,
God is love !
Yes ; this shall be our highest strain,
God is love !
Whilst endless ages roll along,
In concert with the heavenly throng,
This shall be still our sweetest song,
God is love !

203 S.M.
He thanked God and took courage.
Acts xxviii. 15.

1 LET all assembled here,
On this returning day,
Review the mercies of the year,
And grateful homage pay.

2 Yes, we adore Thee, Lord,
Within this sacred place ;
Where oft we meet, with sweet accord,
To seek Thy gracious face.

3 To Thee, our God and King,
We glad hosannas raise ;
Oh, deign to hear our voices sing
The honours of Thy praise.

4 Command Thy blessing, Lord,
On all assembled here ;
And may we still Thy grace record
Through every circling year.

204 C.M.
Hosanna in the highest.
Mark xi. 10.

1 HOSANNA ! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord !
With cherubim and seraphim
Exalt the incarnate Word.

2 Hosanna ! Lord, our feeble tongues
No lofty strains can raise ;
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant Thy praise.

3 Hosanna ! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts ! how free !
Thy death, our life ; Thy word, our feast ;
Thy name, our only plea.

4 Hosanna ! Master, lo ! we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne ;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor earthly thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

5 Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

6 O Saviour! if, redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

W. H. HAVERGAL. 1833.

205

7.6.

*Oh come, let us sing unto the
Lord.—Ps. xcv. 1.*

1 **C**OME, Christian youths and maidens,
Come, brothers, old and young,
Uplift your hearts and voices,
Be praise on every tongue.
In God's own house we gather,
Our yearly feast to hold;
Come, join our joyful anthem,
Ye brothers, young and old.

2 Come, sing with us the praises
Of God's preserving care,
Who safe from harm has kept us
Throughout another year.
And crowned our lives with mercies
Unnumbered as the sand,
Which day by day have reached us
From His all-gracious hand.

3 Come, sing with us the praises
Of God's redeeming love,
That song which never ceases
Around the throne above;
The voice of many angels,
"Worthy the Lamb of God;
For He was slain to save us
By His most precious blood."

4 Come, praise Him for glad tidings
Heard in this hallowed place—
Glad tidings of salvation
By free and sovereign grace;
For gifts of Holy Scripture,
Known from our childhood's days;
For call from heaven to serve Him,
In wisdom's happy ways.

5 Come, praise Him for the promise
Of strength in weakness given;
For means of grace provided;
For blessed hope of heaven.
Oh, Christian youths and maidens
Oh, brothers, old and young!
Uplift your hearts and voices,
And let His praise be sung.

T. A. STOWELL. 1876.

206

11a.

Serve the Lord with gladness.

Ps. c. 2.

1 **R**EJOICE and be glad! The Redeemer
has come! [tomb!
Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His
Sound His praises, tell the story of Him
who was slain; [liveth again.
Sound His praises, tell with gladness He

54

2 Rejoice and be glad, it is sunshine at
last; [are past.
The clouds have departed, the shadows

3 Rejoice and be glad! for the blood hath
been shed! [been paid.
Redemption is finished, the price hath

4 Rejoice and be glad! now the pardon is
free; [tree.
The Just for the unjust has died on the

5 Rejoice and be glad! for the Lamb that
was slain [again.
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth

6 Rejoice and be glad! for our King is on
high; [sky.
He pleadeth for us on His throne in the

7 Rejoice and be glad! for He cometh
again; [slain.
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was
Sound His praises, tell the story of Him
who was slain; [cometh again.
Sound His praises, tell with gladness He

H. DONAR. 1873.

207

8.7.

*Daily shall He be praised.
Ps. lxxii. 15.*

1 **D**AY by day we magnify Thee, [raise.
When our hymns in school we
Daily work begun and ended
With the daily voice of praise.

2 Day by day we magnify Thee,
When, as each new day is born,
On our knees at home we bless Thee
For the mercies of the morn.

3 Day by day we magnify Thee
In our hymns before we sleep;
Angels hear them, watching by us,
Christ's dear lambs all night to keep.

4 Day by day we magnify Thee
Not in words of praise alone;
Truthful lips and meek obedience
Show Thy glory in Thine own.

5 Day by day we magnify Thee
When for Jesus' sake we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

6 Day by day we magnify Thee,
Till our days on earth shall cease,
Till we rest from these our labours,
Waiting for Thy day in peace.

JOHN ELLERTON. 1868.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

208

7.6.

O sing unto the Lord a new song.
Ps. xcviii. 1.

- 1 **C**OME, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only Friend;
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Exulting in His love.
- 2 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And in our hour of danger
We'll trust His love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.
- 3 Then let us sing of Jesus
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus
Throughout eternal day;
For those who here confess Him
He will in heaven confess,
And faithful hearts that bless Him
He will for ever bless.

G. W. BETHUNE. 1855.

209

7.6.

Out of the mouth of babes . . .
Thou hast perfected praise.—Matt. xxi. 16.

- 1 **W**E sing a loving Jesus
Who left His throne above,
And came on earth to ransom
The children of His love;
It is an oft-told story,
And yet we love to tell
How Christ, the King of Glory,
Once deigned with man to dwell.
- 2 We sing a holy Jesus;
No taint of sin defiled
The Babe of David's city,
The pure and stainless Child:
O teach us, blessed Saviour,
Thy heavenly grace to seek,
And let our whole behaviour,
Like Thine, be mild and meek.
- 3 We sing a lowly Jesus,
No kingly crown He had;
His heart was bowed with anguish,
His face was marred and sad;
In deep humiliation
He came His work to do
O Lord of our salvation,
Let us be humble too.
- 4 We sing a mighty Jesus,
Whose voice could raise the dead;
The sightless eyes He opened,
The famished souls He fed.

55

Thou camest to deliver
Mankind from sin and shame;
Redeemer and Life-giver,
We praise Thy holy name.

- 5 We sing a coming Jesus;
The time is drawing near
When Christ with all His angels
In glory shall appear;
Lord, save us, we entreat Thee,
In this Thy day of grace,
That we may gladly meet Thee,
And see Thee face to face.

SARAH DOUDNEY. 1876.

210

7.6.

*And offer a sacrifice of thanks-
giving.*—Amos iv. 5.

- 1 **W**E bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come with simple measures,
To chant Thy love divine.
Children, Thy favours sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise,
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.
- 2 The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth.
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary,
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.
- 3 Redeemer, grant Thy blessing,
Oh, teach us how to pray!
That each, Thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way.
Then, where the pure are dwelling,
We'll hope to meet again;
And, sweeter numbers swelling,
For ever praise Thy name.

MISS PHILLIPS.

211

8.7.

I am the light of the world.
John viii. 12.

- 1 **B**RIGHTLY beams our Father's mercy
From His lighthouse evermore;
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.
Cho.—Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling
seaman
You may rescue, you may save.

- 2 Dark the night of sin has settled;
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

- 3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother :
Some poor sailor, tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbour,
In the darkness may be lost.
P. P. BLISS. 1873.

212 7.6.
*Young men and maidens, old men
and children, let them praise the name of the
Lord.—Ps. cxlviii. 12, 13.*

- 1 COME, praise your Lord and Saviour
In strains of holy mirth ;
Give thanks to Him, O children,
Who lived a Child on earth.
He loved the little children,
And called them to His side,
His loving arms embraced them,
And for their sake He died.

(Boys only.)

- 2 O Jesus, we would praise Thee
With songs of holy joy,
For Thou on earth didst sojourn
A pure and spotless Boy.
Make us, like Thee, obedient,
Like Thee, from sin-stains free,
Like Thee, in God's own temple,
In lowly home like Thee.

(Girls only.)

- 3 O Jesus, we too praise Thee
The lowly maiden's Son :
In Thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one ;
Oh ! give that best adornment
That Christian maid can wear,
The meek and quiet spirit
Which shone in Thee so fair.

(All.)

- 4 O Lord, with voices blended
We sing our songs of praise :
Be Thou the light and pattern
Of all our childhood's days :
And lead us ever onward,
That, while we stay below,
We may like Thee, O Jesus,
In grace and wisdom grow.

W. WALSHAM HOW. 1854.

213 C.M.
*Followers of God, as dear children.
Eph. v. 1.*

- 1 COME, Christian children, come and
Your voice with one accord ; [raise
Come, sing in joyful songs of praise
The glories of your Lord.
- 2 Sing of the wonders of His Love,
And loudest praises give
To Him who left His throne above,
And died that you might live.

53

- 3 Sing of the wonders of His Truth,
And read in every page
The promise made to earliest youth
Fulfilled to latest age.
- 4 Sing of the wonders of His Power,
Who with His own Right Arm
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,
And shields from every harm.
- 5 Sing of the wonders of His Grace,
Who made and keeps you His,
And guides you to the appointed place
At His right hand in bliss.
D. ANN THURPP. 1844.

214 P.M.
*Hosanna ! Blessed is the King of
Israel.—John xii. 13.*

- 1 HOSANNA we sing, like the children
dear [here :
In the olden days when the Lord lived
He blest little children, and smiled on [sa-
them, [lem.
When they chanted His praise in Jeru-
- 2 Hallelujah we sing, like the children
bright, [ment white ;
With their harps of gold and their rai-
As they follow their Shepherd with loving
eyes [dise.
Through the beautiful valleys of Para-
- 3 Hosanna we sing, for He bends His ear,
And rejoices the hymns of His own to
hear ; [cold
We know that His heart will never wax
To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly
fold.
- 4 Hallelujah we sing in the Church we love,
Hallelujah resounds in the Church above ;
To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace
be given, [heaven.
That we lose not our part in the song of
G. S. HODGES.

215 P.M.
*The year of Jubilee.
Lev. xxviii. 27.*

- 1 WE sing our song of jubilee,
Our voices rising loud and free ;
And with the notes of sweet accord
We praise our ever-blessed Lord.
●ho.—Singing together, singing together,
Teachers and scholars gladly
unite ;
Singing together, singing together,
Love fills our hearts, and our
faces are bright.
- 2 We praise Him for the year now past,
And at His feet our cares we cast ;
And oh, may He who guides our way
Forbid our youthful steps to stray !

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

3 Our Sabbath-school, oh, may He bless,
And guard its lambs with tenderness;
And lead us gently when we die
To our Good Shepherd's fold on high!

THOMAS CAMERON.

216

6s.
*Speak to the children of Israel . . .
go forward.—Exod. xiv. 15.*

1 ON, towards Zion, on!
Glory awaits you there;
Crowns for the victor's brow,
Robes that the conquerors wear,
Thrones for the sons of might,
Harps for the sons of song,
Welcomes from heaven's own King,
Greetings from heaven's bright throng.

2 On, for ye now must wage
The warfare life begun,
Or see life's day decline
With life's great work undone.
Hark! for your Captain calls,
And o'er your path has shone
His lightning-gleaming sword:—
On, to the fight, then, on!

3 Put off each cumbrous weight;
Renounce each darling sin;
He must be free as air,
Who would faith's victory win.
With patience gird the soul;
Maintain the strife begun;
Be firm unto the end:—
On, to the foe, then, on!

4 Be fearless in the fight;
Look round you—myriads stand
Enrobed in glorious light,
Earth's star-crowned victor band.
They point you to the prize
By true hearts surely won;
They urge you to advance:—
On, to the field, then, on!

5 See, Christ among them throned;
He, who the crown of shame
Wore on that royal head,
Now wreathed with endless fame.
He waits to bind a crown,—
Life's last great battle won,—
Round every conqueror's brow:—
On, then, to victory, on!

T. W. AVELING. 1834.

217

7.6.
*The Scriptures . . . able to make
thee wise.—2 Tim. iii. 15.*

1 WE love the good old Bible,
The glorious Word of God:
The lamp for those who travel
O'er all life's dreary road;

57

The watchword in life's battle,
The chart on life's dark sea;
The beautiful, dear Bible,
It shall our teacher be.

2 Who would not love the Bible,
So beautiful and wise?
Its teachings charm the simple,
And all point to the skies;
Its stories all so mighty,
Of men, so brave to see:
The beautiful, dear Bible,
It shall our teacher be.

3 But most we love the Bible,
For there we children learn
How Christ for us became a child,
Our hearts to Him to turn;
And how He bowed to sorrow,
That we His face might see;
The Bible, oh! the Bible,
It shall our teacher be.

4 Then we will keep the Bible,
The glorious Book of God;
We'll ne'er forsake the Bible,
Through all life's future road.
And when we lie a-dying,
Wherever that may be,
The beautiful, dear Bible,
It shall our solace be.

E. PAXTON HOOD. 1879.

218

7.6.8.6.
*The Sabbath was made for man.
Mark ii. 27.*

1 WE won't give up the Sabbath,
The day which God hath blessed,
That all the weary sons of toil
Might taste of heavenly rest;
The day of joy, and praise, and prayer,
The brightest of the seven,
When, loosed from every earthly care,
We think of God and heaven.

2 We won't give up the Sabbath
For pleasure or for gain,
Or waste its consecrated hours
In vanities profane;
We'll crowd into the house of God
To see His wonders there; [trod,
We'll tread the courts His saints have
In hope their joy to share.

3 We won't give up the Sabbath,
The day which God hath blessed
The type, the promise, and the seal
Of everlasting rest;
Sweet peace it brings to man below,
Sweet rest in Jesus' love,
And they who keep it holy now
Shall rest with Him above.

I. LYTH.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

Cho.—Stand up for Jesus, nobly stand !
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand ;
Stand up, His righteous cause
defend : [Friend.
Stand up for Jesus, your best

2 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand !
Sound forth His name o'er sea and land !
Spread ye His glorious name abroad,
Till all the world shall own Him Lord.

3 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand !
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand ;
Till heathen bands with wondering eye
Its rising glory shall descry.

4 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand !
Soon with the blest, immortal band,
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light, on heaven's bright
shore.

R. TORREY.

226

P.M.

He hath triumphed gloriously.
Exod. xv. 1.

1 **SOUND** the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's
dark sea ! [free !
Jehovah hath triumphed ! His people are
Sing ! for the pride of the tyrant is
broken : [and brave
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid
How vain was their boasting ! the Lord
hath but spoken, [the wave !
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark
sea ! [free !
Jehovah hath triumphed ! His people are

2 Praise to the Conqueror ! praise to the
Lord ! [our sword.
His word was our arrow, His breath was
Who shall return, to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of
her pride ? [pillar of glory.
The Lord hath looked out from His
And all her brave thousands are lost
in the tide. [sea !
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark
Jehovah hath triumphed ! His people are
free !

THOMAS MOORE. 1816.

227

S.M.

Now is the accepted time.
2 Cor. vi. 2.

1 **THERE** is a precious day ;
In youth that day is ours,
When we should dedicate to God
Our life, with all its powers.

2 There is a gracious day,
When conscience speaks within ;
'Tis now, for now the Spirit strives,
Convincing us of sin.

60

3 There is a holy day,
Of faith and hope and love ;
It reaches through our Christian life
On earth, to heaven above.

4 There is a solemn day,
When we must yield our breath ;
Be born, to die no more, or die
An everlasting death.

5 There is an awful day,
Of judgment and decree ;
Lord ! be we all through Christ prepared
That last of days to see.

6 There is a glorious day,
Of sweet Sabbath rest :
Oh, may we its eternal length
Enjoy with all the blest.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1830.

228

P.M.

*Whatsoever a man soweth that
shall he also reap.*—Gal. vi. 7.

1 **SOWING** the seed in the morning fair,
Sowing the seed in the noontide glare,
Sowing the seed in the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night.
Oh, what shall the harvest be ?

Cho.—Sown in the darkness or sown in
the light, [our might,
Sown in our weakness or sown in
Gathered in time or eternity, [be.
Sure, ah ! yes, sure will the harvest

2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil. [spoil,
Oh, what shall the harvest be ?

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame,
Oh, such will the harvest be.

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops
start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come
Gladly to gather the harvest home,
Oh, such will the harvest be.

E. A. OAKLEY. 1873.

229

7.6.8.6.

My son, give Me thine heart.
Prov. xxiii. 26.

1 **WHAT** can I give to Jesus,
Who gave Himself for me ?
How can I show my love for Him
Who died on Calvary ?

2 I'll give my heart to Jesus
In childhood's tender spring :
I know that He will not despise
So mean an offering.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

- 3 I'll give my *soul* to Jesus,
And calmly, gladly rest
Its youthful hopes and fond desires
Upon His loving breast.
- 4 I'll give my *mind* to Jesus,
And seek, in thoughtful hours,
His Spirit's grace to consecrate
Its early opening powers.
- 5 I'll give my *strength* to Jesus,
Of foot and hand and will,
Run where He sends, and ever strive
His pleasure to fulfil.
- 6 I'll give my *time* to Jesus :
Oh that each hour may be
Filled up with holy work for Him
Who spent His life for me.
- 7 I'll give my *all* to Jesus :
'Tis little I possess,
But all I am and all I have,
Saviour, accept and bless.

J. JACOB. 1875.

230

8.7.
*A friend that sticketh closer than
a brother.—Prov.*

- 1 **W**HAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit!
Oh, what needless pain we bear!
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

H. BONAR. 1873.

231

P.M.
I am come that they might have life.
John x. 10.

- 1 **T**HOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy
kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found
For Thy holy Nativity; [no room
Oh! come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

61

- 2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels
Proclaiming Thy royal decree; [sang
But of lowly birth cam'st Thou, Lord, on
And in great humility. [earth,
Oh! come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.
- 3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had
their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son
In the deserts of Galilee: [of God
Oh! come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.
- 4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living
Word
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown
They bore Thee to Calvary: [of thorn,
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy cross is my only plea.

- 5 When heaven's arches shall ring and her
choirs shall sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet
there is room,
There is room at My side for thee:"
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord
Jesus! [me.
When Thou comest and callest for
E. A. ELLIOTT.

232

148th.
*Worthy is the Lamb that was
slain.—Rev. v. 12.*

- 1 **S**HALL hymns of grateful love
Through heaven's high arches ring.
And all the hosts above
Their songs of triumph sing;
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?
- 2 Shall every ransomed tribe
Of Adam's scattered race
To Christ all power ascribe,
Who saved them by His grace;
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?
- 3 Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with His blood,
And all the love record
That led them home to God:
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

- 4 Oh, spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around
Salvation through His name,
Till the whole world take up the strain,
And send the echo back again.

J. J. CUMMINS. 1844.

E

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

233

P.M.

Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.—Ps. lxi. 2.

- 1 **L**EAD me to Jesus, lead me to Jesus;
Help me to love Him, teach me to pray;
He is my Saviour: I would believe Him;
I would be like Him—show me the way.

Cho.—Quickly haste and come where
happy children meet,
Hither come and sing the Saviour's
praises sweet: [thy play,
Rest from thy pleasures, rest from
Come to our meeting, come away.

- 2 Lead me to Jesus, He will receive me,
He is so loving, gentle, and mild;
Calling the children, bidding them wel-
come;
Surely He calls me—I am a child.

- 3 Tell me of Jesus, tell of His mercy:
Is there a fountain flowing so free?
All who are willing drink of its waters—
Say, is that fountain flowing for me?

- 4 Lord, I am coming: Jesus, my Saviour,
Pity my weakness: make me Thy
child: [Thee,
I would receive Thee; trust and believe
I would be like Thee—gentle and mild.

234

C.M.

*Speaking the truth in love.
Eph. iv. 15.*

- 1 **S**PEAK gently, it is better far
To rule by love than fear:
Speak gently, let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.
Speak gently: love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow—
Affection's voice is kind.

- 2 Speak gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild—
It may not long remain.
Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

- 3 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.
Speak gently to the erring, know
They may have toiled in vain,
Perhaps unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again.

62

- 4 Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh tones be heard,
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.
Speak gently, 'tis a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well,
The good, the joy which it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

235

P.M.

*The temple called Beautiful.
Acts iii. 2.*

- 1 **B**EAUTIFUL home of the blest,
Beautiful home! beautiful home!
Home where the weary ones rest,
Beautiful home on high! [stand,
Home where the pure and the good shall
Clad in white raiment at God's right
hand,
Circling His throne in a radiant band,
Singing for ever there.
Cho.—Beautiful home of the blest,
Beautiful home on high!
Home where the weary ones rest,
Beautiful home on high!

- 2 Home by the river of life,
Beautiful home! beautiful home!
Free from earth's passion and strife,
Beautiful home on high! [release;
Home where the prisoner finds sweet
Home where all sorrows for ever cease;
Home where the ransomed ones dwell in
Happy for ever there. [peace,

- 3 Home of the glorified throng,
Beautiful home! beautiful home!
Home of the shout and the song,
Beautiful home on high!
Home where the beautiful angels dwell;
Home of the blessed where all is well:
Home of sweet raptures no tongue can
Ever increasing there. [tell,

- 4 Home in the city of gold,
Beautiful home! beautiful home!
Home where are pleasures untold,
Beautiful home on high! [be;
Home where the many bright mansions
Home where the children their Saviour
see;
Home where they worship eternally,
Praising Him ever there.

236

8.7.

*On either side the river the trees
of life.—Rev. xxii. 2.*

- 1 **S**HALL we meet beyond the river
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright "for ever"
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
Cho.—Shall we meet, shall we meet?
Shall we meet beyond the river
Where the surges cease to roll?

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

- 2 Shall we meet in that blest harbour,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore?
- 3 Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?
- 4 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favour,
And sit down upon His throne?

H. L. HASTINGS. 1873.

237

P.M.

The land that is very far off.
Isa. xxxiii. 17.

- 1 **T**HERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King:
Loud let His praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye.
- 2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away:
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.
- 3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye:
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run,
Be a crown, and kingdom, won
And bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye.

ANDREW YOUNG. 1843.

238

8.5.

*They declare plainly that they
seek a country.*—Heb. xi. 14.

- 1 **S**AILING on the ocean,
Homeward bound are we;
Sails all set and flowing
For eternity:
With the world behind us,
And our home before,
Our voyage soon will end
And we shall reach the shore.

Cho.—Jesus is our Pilot,
Naught can overwhelm;
He will safely guide us
Standing at the helm.

- 2 Oft we may encounter
Fierce and stormy blasts,
Straining sails and cordage
Binding down the masts;
And the rolling billows
Oft may sweep the deck,
But our Ship is safe,
And cannot be a wreck.

- 3 Soon the lights of heaven
O'er the sea will shine,
Showing us the nearness
Of the land divine;
Then within the harbour
We shall glide at last,
No more to venture forth
And with all danger past.

W. J. MATHAMS. 1882

239

8.7.4.

*To live is Christ, and to die is
gain.*—Phil. i. 21.

- 1 **Y**ES, we part, but not for ever,
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell;
Those who love the Saviour, never
Know a long, a last farewell:
Blissful unions
Lie beyond this passing vale.
- 2 Oh, what meetings are before us!
Brighter far than tongue can tell—
Glorious meetings, to restore us
Him with whom we long to dwell!
With what raptures
Will the sight our bosoms swell!
- 3 Soon will cease our short-lived pleasures
Soon will fade this earth away;
Brighter, fairer, nobler treasures
Wait the full redemption-day.
Hail the rising
Of the wished-for, new-born ray!
- 4 Thus we part, but not for ever;
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell!
They who love the Saviour, never
Know a last, a long farewell:
Blissful unions
Lie beyond this parting vale.

J. DENHAM SMITH. 1870

240

8a.

*Let everything that hath breath
praise the Lord.*—Ps. ci. 6.

- 1 **G**OD of the heaven and earth,
Thou Lord of all we see,
From this vast world of Thine
Praise goeth up to Thee.
- 2 From men of every clime,
Whose souls Thou hast set free,
From infancy and age,
Praise goeth up to Thee.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

3 From this green earth of ours,
From this stupendous sea,
From these fair hills and vales,
Praise goeth up to Thee.

4 From every field and plain,
From every flower and tree,
From every stream and rill,
Praise goeth up to Thee.

5 From all that ere hath been,
From all that yet shall be,
Of Thy great handiworks,
Praise goeth up to Thee.

6 For Thy creating love
Our songs, O Lord, we raise;
For Thy redeeming love
We give Thee louder praise.

H. BONAR, 1880.

241

C.M.

*Everyone shall even go up from
year to year to worship.*—Zech. xiv. 16.

1 **A** YEAR again has passed away
Time swiftly speeds along;
We come again to praise and pray,
And sing our greeting song.

Chorus—We come with song to greet you,
We come with song again.

2 We come the Saviour's name to praise,
To sing the wondrous love
Of Him who guards us all our days,
And guides to heaven above.

3 We'll sing of mercies daily given,
Through every passing year;
We'll sing the promises of heaven,
With voices loud and clear.

4 We'll sing of many a happy hour
We've passed in Sunday-school
Where truth, like summer's genial shower,
Extends its gracious rule.

5 Our youthful hearts will gladly raise,
Our voices sweetly sing,
A tuneful song of grateful praise
To heaven's eternal King.

242

L.M.

*The memory of Thy great good-
ness.*—Ps. cxlv. 7.

1 **F**ROM year to year in love we meet,
From year to year in peace we part,
The tongues of children uttering sweet
The bosom-joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on; and year by year
We change, grow up, or pass away!
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hailed the children's festal day.

3 This sole occasion then is ours,
This day we ne'er again shall see;
Lord God, awaken all our powers
To spend it for eternity.

4 Our times, our lives, are in Thy hand,
On Thee for all things we rely;
Assured while in Thy grace we stand,
To live is Christ and gain to die.

5 Meanwhile, our failing ranks renew;
Send children teachers in our place,
More humble, docile, faithful, true,
More like Thy Son, from race to race.

J. MONTGOMERY.

243

8.7.

1 **C**HILDREN, join to praise the Saviour:
Praise Him who from love came
Let your hearts as well as voices [down:
Sing aloud of His renown.

2 Oh! what hymns they sing in glory!
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain;"
How they praise in ceaseless measure
Him who suffered grief and pain.

3 May it be our happy portion,
With the countless throng above,
Day and night to sing unwearied,
Hymns of praise to Him we love.

F. PEARCE. 1875.

244

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1 **G**OD bless our Sunday School
Increase our Sunday School,
God bless our School.
Send down Thy grace divine,
May every child be Thine,
And love all hearts entwine,
God bless our School.

2 All our dear teachers bless,
And give them large success
In winning souls.
May they encouraged be,
And oft around them see
Their labours crowned by Thee,
God bless our School.

3 So may our School increase
In knowledge, love, and peace,
God bless our School.
And when death's arrows fly,
And useful teachers die,
Their places still supply,
God bless our School.

ALBERT MIDLAND. 1865.

TEACHERS' MEETINGS.

245

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
God be merciful to us and bless us.—Ps. lxxvii. 1.

- 1 **G**OD bless our native land,
May Heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore;
May peace her powers extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's rights depend
On war no more.
- 2 Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our Queen,
Long may she reign;
Her heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above;
And in a nation's love
Her throne maintain.

- 3 May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle;
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind Heaven may smile.

- 4 Not in this land alone;
But be Thy mercies known
From shore to shore:
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

W. E. HICKSON. 1355.

PART III.

TEACHERS' MEETINGS.

INVOCATION.

246

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
The Spirit . . . He shall testify of Me.—John xv. 26.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray:
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
Oh come to-day.
- 2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noonday glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour.
- 3 Come, Light serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill:
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

- 4 Come, all the faithful bless:
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

KING ROBERT II. OF FRANCE. 997.
TR. BY RAY PALMER. 1863.

247

7a.
Of the same mind in the Lord.
Phil. iv. 2.

- 1 **L**ORD, we meet to pray and praise,
Teach us now our hearts to raise;
We have much to ask of Thee,
May we earnest pleaders be.
Lord, we meet, a working band,
One in purpose, hand in hand;
Make us, as we tread life's way,
More like Jesus every day.
- 2 May we each, with loving heart,
Choose, and teach the better part;
Seek ourselves the heavenly prize
Training others for the skies.

TEACHERS' MEETINGS.

In Thy fold may these be found,
Gathered from the world around:
Some have listened to Thy call—
Saviour, Thou hast room for all.

- 3 Lord, the bread of life is cast
On the waters, wild and vast;
Thine "the seed in weakness sown,"
Wilt Thou not our labours own?
Teach us, O our Help and Stay,
We must work while lasts the day;
Toiling on in faith and love,
Looking for the rest above.

248

7s.
Like minded one toward another.
Rom. xv. 5.

- 1 LORD, from whom all blessings flow
Perfecting the Church below,
Steadfast may we cleave to Thee;
Love the mystic union be.
Join our faithful spirits, join
Each to each, and all to Thine;
Lead us through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.
- 2 Move, and actuate, and guide;
Divers gifts to each divide;
Placed according to Thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil;
Never from our office move;
Needful to each other prove;
Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the art of God.
- 3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy:
There is neither bond nor free,
Great nor servile, Lord, in Thee.
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void:
Names, and sects, and parties fall,
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

249

87.
Waiting at the posts of my doors.
Prov. viii. 34.

- 1 AT Thy feet, our God and Father,
Who hast blest us all our days,
We with grateful hearts would gather,
To begin this day with praise—
Praise for light so brightly shining
On our steps from heaven above;
Praise for mercies daily twining
Round us golden cords of love.
- 2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender
On the cross for sinners shown,
We would praise Thee, and surrender
All our hearts to be Thine own.
With so blest a Friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.

66

- 3 Every day will be the brighter,
When Thy gracious face we see;
Every burden will be lighter
When we know it comes from Thee.
Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us,
Give us strength to serve and wait,
Till Thy glory breaks before us
Through the city's open gate.

J. D. BURNS. 1887.

250

S.M.
Lord, to whom should we go?
John vi. 68.

- 1 TO whom but unto Thee,
O Master, should we go?
Where but to love's unfathomed sea
Should want and weakness flow?
- 2 Thy blessed work we share,
Thy little flock we feed;
Yet didst Thou not our wanderings bear
Our hopes were dark indeed.
- 3 Thy Spirit is our guide
In duty's holy track,
Else our uncertain feet would slide,
Or shrink in weakness back;
- 4 Thy word our polar star
Mid life's uncertain sea;
We hail its brightness from afar,
And onward press to Thee.
- 5 Thy praise awakes our song,
And larger gifts we claim, [throng.
While youthful thousands round us
And own Thy sacred name.
- 6 Thy promise we would prove
For thousands yet who roam;
Save all the children whom we love,
And bring them safely home.

251

L.M.
To Thee, O Lord, I'll fling up my soul.
Ps. xiv. 1.

- 1 O LORD of Glory! be my Light,
Shine as my guiding star on high;
Rise also as a star within,
That I may know Thee always nigh.
- 2 O Lord of Glory! be my Strength,
Be Thou a rock above my head,
O Rock of Ages! I would be
To the strong refuge early led.
- 3 O Lord of Glory! be my Love,
Unveil Thy kindness to my heart,
Let me be seated near Thy feet,
For I would "choose" that better part.
- 4 O Lord of Glory! be my Peace,
When I am tossed and torn by sin;
The rainbow round Thy throne display,
That I may heaven on earth begin.

INVOCATION.

5 O Lord of Glory! be my Life
When all within is cold and dead;
And when I thirst and faint for Thee,
May I to living streams be led.

6 O Lord of Glory! be my Prize,
Be Thou my Shield and great reward;
And when I glory, may it be
To glory only in the Lord.

T. VINCENT TYMMS. 1882.

252

L.M.

Speak, for Thy servant heareth.
1 Sam. iii. 10.

1 **L**ORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

2 Oh lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 Oh strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To toilers on the troubled sea.

4 Oh teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 Oh give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones, in needful hour.

6 Oh fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 Oh use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

F. R. HAVERGAL. 1879.

253

G.B.B.A.

The Lord . . . shall reign in Zion.
Isa. xlii. 23.

1 **R**EIGN in my heart, great God,
Its throne I leave to Thee;
Oh, let Thy blessed law of love
Still govern me.

2 Expel each rebel thought
Which loveth not Thy will,
And bring me lower in the dust,
Till self is still.

3 Assert Thy sovereign right
To plan my daily task;
Then help me, Lord, to do it well,
'Tis all I ask.

67

4 Before Thy gracious throne,
Morning and noon and night,
May Thy true worship ever be
My best delight.

5 In times of greatest weal,
When plenty crowns my needs,
Help me to bring the tithe to Thee
In holy deeds.

6 To live for Thee alone,
Be this my constant aim;
Then all I do, and all I say,
Shall own Thy name.

7 Reign in my heart on earth,
Then in Eternity,
Oh grant that I may still be ruled
And loved by Thee.

254

S.7.

Fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.
Rom. xii. 11.

1 **S**HALL this life of mine be wasted?
Shall this vineyard lie untilled?
Shall true joy pass by untasted,
And this soul remain unfilled?

2 No! I was not born to trifle
Life away in dreams or sin;
No! I must not, dare not stifle
Longings such as these within.

3 Swiftly moving, upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be borne;
Calmly gazing, skyward, sunward,
Let my eye unshrinking turn.

4 Where the Cross, God's love revealing,
Sets the fettered spirit free,
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, thy rest shall be.

5 Then no longer, idly dreaming,
Shall I fling my years away;
But, each precious hour redeeming,
Wait for the eternal day.

H. BONAR. 1860.

255

S.M.

O Lord, revive Thy work.
Hab. iii. 2.

1 **R**EVIVE Thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb the sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine Almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the bread of life,
Oh, may our spirits be!

TEACHERS' MEETINGS.

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

ALBERT MIDLAKE. 1866.

256

S.M.

Wilt Thou not revive us again;
Ps. lxxxv. 6.

1 "O LORD! revive Thy work!"
Bid showers of grace descend;
To longing hearts reveal Thy love,
And save us to the end.
We mourn our languid zeal,
Our unbelief remove;
Oh, take our hearts and make them Thine;
Lord! fill each soul with love.

2 "O Lord, revive Thy work!"
Regard Thy "planted" vine;
Behold us each, through Christ Thy Son,
For Thee, for Thee we pine.
This is our heart-felt prayer:
Content we cannot be,
We will not, dare not, let Thee rest
Till we Thy glory see.

3 "O Lord, revive Thy work!"
Let many souls be saved;
Make bare Thine arm, and rescue men
By nature all depraved.
Then fit us for Thy work,
Endue with power divine;
Lord, keep us earnest in Thy cause,
The glory shall be Thine.

J. T. WIGNER. 1868.

257

S.7.

He led them forth by the right way.
Ps. cvii. 7.

1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee:
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe:
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

JAMES EDMESTON. 1820.

PRAISE.

258

S.7.

Lo I am with you alway.
Matt. xxviii. 20.

1 ALWAYS with us, always with us,
Words of cheer, and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From His dwelling-place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stillling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory,
With salvation's radiant beam.

S. H. NEVIN. 1815.

259

148th.

Forget not all His benefits.
Ps. ciii. 2.

1 OH, bless the Lord, and praise
His gracious, holy name;
Let all within me raise
A tribute to His fame.

Cho.—His mercy rests
On great and small;
Forget not all
His benefits.

2 Remember how He heals
Thy sickness, and thy sin;
How He thy sorrow feels,
And died thy soul to win.

3 Remember all the joy
Of health, and home, and friends,
Let every girl and boy
Praise God for all He sends.

4 Remember Him in youth,
When starting in the race;
And worship Him in truth,
As age creeps on apace.

5 Thus now our song we bring
To celebrate His love;
And hope at last to sing
A higher strain above.

F. H. ROBERTS. 1861.

260

S.M.

I then, your Lord and Master.
John xiii. 14.

1 DEAR Lord and Master mine,
Thy happy servant see!
My Conqueror! with what joy divine
Thy captive clings to Thee!

2 I love Thy yoke to wear,
To feel Thy gracious hands—
Sweetly restrained by Thy care,
And happy in Thy hands.

3 No bar would I remove,
No bond would I unbind:
Within the limits of Thy love
Full liberty I find.

4 I would not walk alone,
But still with Thee, my God:
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of Thee the road.

5 Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true!
My Guardian and my Guide divine,
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through!

T. H. GILL. 1870.

261

7a.
*The fulness of Him that filleth all
in all.—Eph. i. 23.*

1 JESUS, Saviour, Brother, Lord!
All our fulness is in Thee;
All our joy shall ever be
On to press to Thine abode.

2 Listening, we Thy voice may hear;
Seeking, may Thy mercy find;
And the lowly, loving mind
Feels Thy heaven is ever near.

3 Life will sweet and holy be,
All the earth be beautiful,
If the heart be dutiful,
If the eye, in all, see Thee.

4 Jesus, Saviour, Brother, God!
All our fulness is in Thee!
All our joy shall ever be
On to press to Thine abode!

262

7b.
I am the good Shepherd.
John x. 11.

1 O JESUS, ever present,
O Shepherd ever kind,
Thy very name is music
To ear, and heart, and mind.
It woke my wondering childhood
To muse on things above;
It drew my harder manhood
With cords of mighty love.

2 How oft to sure destruction
My feet had gone astray,
Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,
The Guardian of my way!
How oft, in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
Thy hand has gently raised me,
And healing balm poured in!

69

3 O Shepherd good, I follow
Wherever Thou wilt lead;
No matter where the pasture,
With Thee at hand to feed,
Thy voice, in life so mighty,
In death shall make me bold;
Oh, bring my ransomed spirit
To Thine eternal fold!

LAURENCE TUTTLETT. 1866

263

S.M.
Gathered together in My name.
Matt. xviii. 20.

1 JESUS, in Thy blest name,
With joyful hearts we meet,
In fellowship with saints above,
Around the Mercy-seat.

2 Lord, animate our hearts
With fervent love to Thee,
And nerve each fainting warrior here
With holy energy.

3 With joyfulness we wait
To see our Master's face;
Come, Jesus, to Thy waiting ones,
And fill this lowly place.

4 Fill it with light and love,
Fill it with power divine;
And may Thy children hence depart,
Fresh sealed and signed as Thine.

264

C.M.
A Friend loveth at all times.
Prov. xvii. 17.

1 JESUS, the Friend of friendless men,
The help of all the weak;
Jesus, who left the joys of heaven,
The lost and sad to seek:

2 Jesus, Thy love has found my heart,
And raised it up to Thee;
Jesus, that love my soul doth feast,
Th' present heaven to me!

3 Jesus, Thy death my life doth prove,
Thy cross to thrones doth bring;
Jesus, Thy crown shall be the crown
Of all who own Thee King.

4 Oh rule me by Thy love, my Lord,
Thy love to me when dead;
The love so passing words to speak,
That for my love it bled.

5 Jesus, I long to yield my love
In deeds that shall Thee praise;
Jesus, I long to live that love
Through life of endless days!

B. WAUGH. 1874

265

6a.
*Lord, I have loved the habitation
of Thy house.—Ps. xxvi. 8.*

- 1 **W**E love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.
- 2 It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy children meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there,
Thy chosen flock to greet.
- 3 We love the Word of Life,
The Word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.
- 4 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But oh, we long to know
The triumph song of heaven.
- 5 Lord Jesus, give us grace,
On earth to love Thee more,
In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore.

W. BULLOCK.

266

7a.
*As He was wont, He taught them
again.—Mark x. 1.*

- 1 **C**HRIST was teaching all the day,
Where the throng of hearers met,
And at night retired to pray
On the Mount of Olivet.
- 2 He on no soft couch reposed,
Through the accustomed hours of sleep,
But, when other eyes were closed,
He awoke to pray and weep.
- 3 All the labours we have shared,
Oh, how poor, and little worth,
When with those so great compared
Of our Saviour upon earth.
- 4 Oh, may gratitude inspire
Him to follow now above;
Then our hearts will never tire,
In those humble deeds of love.

AMERICAN.

267

S.M.
*I lay down My life for the sheep.
John x. 18.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, the sinner's Friend!
We hide ourselves in Thee;
God looks upon Thy sprinkled blood—
It is our only plea.
- 2 He hears Thy precious name,
We claim it as our own;
The Father must accept and bless
His well-beloved Son.

70

- 3 He sees Thy spotless robe:
It covers all our sin;
The golden gates have welcomed Thee,
And we may enter in.
- 4 Thou hast fulfilled the law,
And we are justified;
Ours is the blessing, Thine the curse:
We live, for Thou hast died.
- 5 Jesus, the sinner's Friend!
We cannot speak Thy praise;
No mortal voice can sing the song
That ransomed hearts would raise.
- 6 But when before the throne,
Upon the glassy sea, [white
Clothed in our blood-bought robes of
We stand complete in Thee,—
- 7 Jesus, we'll give Thee then
Such praises as are meet,
And cast ten thousand golden crowns,
Adoring at Thy feet!

MRS. C. FENNEFATHER. 1874.

SURRENDER.

268

L.M.
*Whether, therefore, we live or die,
we are the Lord's.—Rom. xiv. 8.*

- 1 **M**Y gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates, and obey.
- 2 What is my being, but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend?
- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side:
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His love hath animating power.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

269

7a.
Bought with a price.—1 Cor. vi. 20.

- 1 **T**AKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee!
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
- 2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

SURRENDER.

- 3 Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee:
- 4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.
- 6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL. 1878.

270

6s.
Who gave Himself for me.
Gal. ii. 20.

- 1 **THY** life was given for me,
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
Thy life was given for me:
What have I given for Thee?
- 2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know;
Long years were spent for me;
Have I spent one for Thee?
- 3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone
Yea, all was left for me;
Have I left aught for Thee?
- 4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell;
Thou sufferdest all for me;
What have I borne for Thee?
- 5 And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love;
Great gifts Thou broughtest me;
What have I brought to Thee?
- 6 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent;
World fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Thou gav'st Thyself for me,—
I give myself to Thee!

F. R. HAVERGAL. 1869.

271

7s.

I am Thine; save me.—Ps. cxix. 84.

- 1 **O** JESUS! I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.
- 2 Oh, let me feel Thee near me,
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.
- 3 Oh, let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
Oh, speak! to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
Oh, speak! to make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.
- 4 O Jesus! Thou hast promised,
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Oh, give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend!
- 5 Oh, let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant my own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone:
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!

J. E. BODE. 1869.

272

C.M.

*Lord, Thou knowest that I love
Thee.—John xxi. 15.*

- 1 **D**O not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see,
And turn each cherished idol out
That dares to rival Thee.
- 2 Do not I love Thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not Thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

TEACHERS' MEETINGS.

- 4 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?
- 5 Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute Thy sacred will,
And make Thy glory known?
- 6 Thou know'st I love Thee, O my Lord,
But, oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more!
- PHILIP BODDRIDGE. 1755.

273

7s.

*Apostles, when they returned . . .
told Him all.—Luke ix. 10.*

- 1 LORD, we bring our work to Thee,
Bless it in Thine own good way,
Cleanse it from impurity,
Clothe it with Thy power, we pray.
- 2 Give us each fresh love to Thee,
Make Thy service our delight,
May our conscious feeling be
Working in the Master's sight.
- 3 Strengthen all begun for Thee,
Carry on Thy work of grace,
Let us all Thy presence see,
Let Thy Spirit fill this place.
- 4 Help us in our work for Thee,
All our efforts kindly own;
Ours the happiness shall be,
Thine the glory, Lord, alone.
- EDWIN HODDER. 1872.

274

S.M.

*Lord, what wilt Thou have me to
do!—Acts ix. 8.*

- 1 MAKE use of me, my God,
Let me not be forgot;
A broken vessel cast aside,
One whom Thou needest not.
- 2 Thou usest all Thy works,
The weakest things that be;
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on Thee.
- 3 Thou usest the high stars,
The tiny drops of dew,
The giant peak, the little hill;
My God, oh, use me too.
- 4 All things do serve Thee here;
All creatures, great and small;
Make use of me—of me, my God,
The weakest of them all.
- H. BONAR. 1870.

275

C.M.

*Let your light so shine before men.
Matt. v. 16.*

- 1 LORD, give me light to do Thy work,
For only, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light by which these eyes
The work of truth can see.
- 72

- 2 The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strown,
I wander oft, and think it Thine,
When walking in my own.
- 3 Yet pleasant is the work for Thee,
And pleasant is the way;
But, Lord, the world is dark, and I
Am prone to go astray.
- 4 Oh, send me light to do Thy work,
More light, more wisdom give;
Then shall I work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth I live.
- 5 The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord;
It is Thy race we run;
Give light, and then shall all I do
Be well and truly done.
- H. BONAR. 1870.

276

148th.

*Light is shown for the righteous.
Ps. cxvii. 11.*

- 1 OFT when of God we ask
For fuller, happier life,
He sets us some new task,
Involving care and strife:
Is this the boon for which we sought?
Has prayer new trouble on us brought?
- 2 This is indeed the boon,
Though strange to us it seems;
We pierce the rock, and soon
The blessing on us streams:
For when we are the most athirst,
Then the clear waters on us burst.
- 3 We toil as in a field,
Wherein, to us unknown,
A treasure lies concealed,
Which may be all our own;
And shall we of the toil complain,
That speedily will bring such gain?
- 4 We dig the wells of life,
And God the water gives;
We win our way by strife,
Then He within us lives:
And only war could make us meet
For peace so sacred and so sweet.
- T. T. LYNCH. 1855.

SERVICE.

277

8.7.

*The Master is come, and calleth
for thee.—John xi. 28.*

- 1 JESUS calls us o'er the tumult
Of this world's wild, restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice whispers,
Saying to us, "Follow Me."
- 2 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
In our cares and in our pleasures,
Saying, "Love Me more than these."

SERVICE.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of this vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying to us, "Love Me more."

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.
C. F. ALEXANDER. 1853.

278

S.M.
In the morning sow thy seed.
Eccles. xi. 6.

- 1 **S**OW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there,
O'er hill and dale by plots 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.
- 4 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.
- 5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 6 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.
- 7 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry "Harvest-home!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1832.

279

P.M.
*Why stand ye here all the day
idle!*—Matt. xx. 6.

- 1 **C**OME, labour on:
Who dares stand idle on
the harvest plain, [grain,
While all around him waves the golden
And every servant hears the Master say,
"Go, work to-day?"
- 2 Come, labour on:
The labourers are few, the field is wide,
New stations must be filled, and blanks
supplied
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is "Come."

73

3 Come, labour on:
The enemy is watching, night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away;
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbereth not.

4 Come, labour on: [fear!
Away with gloomy doubt and faithless
No arm so weak but may do service here;
By hands the feeblest can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

5 Come, labour on: [sky,
No time for rest till glows the western
While the long shadows o'er our pathway
lie, [sun,
And a glad sound comes with the setting
"Servants, well done!"

6 Come, labour on:
The toil is pleasant and the harvest sure;
Blessed are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their rest
O Lord, with Thee! [shall be,
JANE BORTHWICK. 1859.

280

P.M.
Son, work to-day in my vineyard.
Matt. xxi. 28.

1 **L**ISTEN! the Master beseecheth,
Calling each one by his name;
His voice to each loving heart reacheth,
Its cheerfulness service to claim.
Go where the vineyard demandeth
Vinedressers' nurture and care;
Or go where the white harvest standeth,
The joy of the reaper to share.
Then work, brothers, work! let us slumber
no longer, [stronger;
For God's call to labour grows stronger and
The light of this life shall be darkened full
soon, [noon.
But the light of the better life resteth at

2 Work for the good that is highest;
Dream not of greatness afar,
That glory is ever the highest
Which shines upon men as they are.
Work, though the world may defeat you;
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the
morn.

3 Offer thy life on the altar;
In the high purpose be strong;
And if thy tired spirit should falter,
Then sweeten thy labour with song.
What, if the poor heart complaineth,
Soon shall its wailing be o'er,
For there in the rest which remaineth,
It shall grieve and be weary no more.

- 4 Work, though the enemies' laughter
Over the valleys may sweep—
For God's patient workers hereafter
Shall laugh when their enemies weep.
Ever on Jesus reliant,—
Press on your chivalrous way—
The mightiest Philistine giant
His Davids are chartered to slay.
W. M. PUNSHON.

281 S.7. *The morning cometh.*—Isa. xxi. 12.

- 1 **N**OW, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard, and waiting long;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest-home and grateful song.
- 2 Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing:
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot;
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.
- 3 Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.
- 4 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
—Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.
- 5 Now, the training strange and lowly,
Unexplained, and tedious now;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou."
F. R. HAVERGAL. 1870.

282 S.M. *I must work the works of Him that sent me.*—John ix. 4.

- 1 **I** HAVE a work, O Lord,
Thou gavest it to me,—
To lead into Thy pasture-word,
And feed Thy lambs for Thee.
- 2 Dear Lord, I have a prayer,—
Lest I Thy work should flee,
Impress my heart with watchful care
To feed the lambs for Thee.
- 3 I feel so poor and weak,
O Lord, my helper be;
Oft in my ears Thy mandate speak,
To feed the lambs for Thee,
- 4 It is a joy I crave,—
From thorny ways to free
Thy little ones; to bless, to save,
And feed the lambs for Thee.
- 5 O blissful hope so bright,
That I shall one day see
Amidst the flowery fields of light
The lambs I fed for Thee!
E. H. JACKSON.

283 C.M. *Grant us Thy salvation.* Ps. lxxxvii. 7.

- 1 **S**PIRIT of holiness, descend;
The people wait for Thee;
Thine ear in kind compassion lend;
Let us Thy mercy see.
- 2 Thy light that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to Thee;
Let us not feel its rays alone—
Alone Thy people be.
- 3 O bring our dearest friends to God;
Remember those we love;
Fit them on earth for Thine abode;
Fit them for joys above.
- 4 Spirit of holiness, 'tis Thine
To hear our feeble prayer;
Come,—for we wait Thy power divine;
Let us Thy mercy share.

S. F. SMITH. 1843

284 C.M. *We cannot but speak . . . which we have seen and heard.*

- 1 **H**OW blessed, from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
Thy servant, Lord, to be!
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand!
- 2 With willing heart and longing eyes,
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight;
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still,
For love can easily divine
The One Beloved's will.
- 3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord!
Thus, ever Thine alone,
My soul and body give to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won.
Through evil or through good report,
Still keeping by Thy side,
By life or death, in this poor flesh,
Let Christ be magnified.
- 4 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly!
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest draws nigh!
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company,
And ever where the Master is
Shall His blest servants be.

C. J. SPITTA. 1833.

TR. BY JANE BORTHWICK. 1859.

285

7.7.7.8.
At Thy word I will let down the net.—Luke v. 5.

- 1 **F**EARLESS, calm, and strong in love,
 Would'st thou ply the Gospel net?
 Then remember God above,
 And thyself forget.
- 2 Like the fisher, patient be;
 Try at morn, and try at even;
 Hope, where thou canst nothing see;
 And still trust in Heaven.
- 3 Never shall the net be cast
 All in vain, though cast amiss;
 Wait the great day and the last,
 Ere thou judge of this.
- 4 Oh, what issues that may show
 E'en of thy poor toil and care;
 But till then, enough to know
 Thou didst neither spare.
- 5 Spend, then, and be spent in love,
 Take the task before thee set,—
 Souls to win for heaven above,—
 And thyself forget.

286

C.M.
We have toiled all night and taken nothing.—Luke v. 5.

- 1 **T**HE Galilean fishers toil
 All night and nothing take:
 But Jesus comes—a wondrous spoil
 Is lifted from the lake!
 Lord, when our labours are in vain,
 And vain the help of men,
 When fruitless is our care and pain,
 Come, blessed Jesus, then!
- 2 The night is dark, the surges fill
 The bark, the wild winds roar;
 But Jesus comes, and all is still—
 The ship is at the shore.
 O Lord, when storms around us howl,
 And all is dark and drear,
 In all the tempests of the soul,
 O blessed Jesus, hear!
- 3 The faithful few retire in fear
 To their closed upper room;
 But suddenly, with joyful cheer,
 They see their Master come.
 Lord, come to us, unloose our bands,
 And bid our terror cease;
 Lift over us Thy blessed hands,
 Speak, holy Jesus, peace.

287

C.M.
Cast the net . . . and ye shall find.
 John xxi. 6.

- 1 **T**HE livelong night we've toiled in vain,
 But, at Thy gracious word
 We will let down the net again;
 Do Thou Thy will, O Lord.

78

- 2 So, day by day, and week by week,
 In sad and weary thought
 They muse, whom God hath set to seek
 The souls His Christ hath bought.
- 3 At morn we look and naught is there,
 Sad dawn of cheerless day;
 Who then from pining and despair—
 The sickening heart can stay?
- 4 There is a stay—and we are strong;
 Our Master is at hand
 To cheer our solitary song,
 And guide us to the strand;
- 5 In His own time; but yet awhile
 Our bark at sea must ride:
 Cast after cast, by force or guile,
 All waters must be tried.
- 6 Should e'er Thy wonder-working grace
 Triumph by our weak arm,
 Let not our sinful fancy trace
 Aught human in the charm.
- 7 To our own nets ne'er bow we down;
 Lest on the eternal shore
 The angels, while our draught they own,
 Reject us evermore:
- 8 Or if, for our unworthiness,
 Toil, prayer, and watching fail,
 In disappointment Thou canst bless,
 So love at heart prevail.

JOHN KEBLE. 1819.

288

7.8.7.8.
The night cometh, when no man can work.—John ix. 4.

- 1 **W**ORK, for the night is coming;
 Work, through the morning hours;
 Work, while the dew is sparkling;
 Work 'mid springing flowers;
 Work, when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labour,
 Rest comes sure and soon:
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies:
 While their bright tints are glowing
 Work, for daylight flies:
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work, for the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

B. DYER AND A. S. WALKER.

289

C.M.

Son, work to-day in my vineyard.
Matt. xxi. 28.

- 1 **G**O, work for God, and do not say
Thou canst not useful be:
A talent lies in every man,
And one was hid in thee.
- 2 Be it in head, or heart, or hand,
Search well, and thou shalt find
The lowliest life, by simple deeds,
Can help and bless mankind.
- 3 It may be He hath sent thee forth,
With wondrous wisdom stored,
To teach the longing soul to love
The beauty of the Lord.
- 4 Or in thy hand the power may lie
Eternal truths to write,
Whereby the darkness of the world
May yield to heaven's light.
- 5 Or in His love He may have tuned
The accents of thy voice
To sing sweet songs of sympathy,
And make sad hearts rejoice.
- 6 Then speak, or write, or sing for God:
Do something, do it well;
And by an earnest, holy life
Thy Maker's goodness tell.
- 7 Thus toil for Him, and thou shalt reach
Thy God-appointed place;
And when thy working days are o'er
Thou shalt behold His face.

EDWIN HODDER. 1871.

290

L.M.

Labourers together with God.
1 Cor. iii. 9.

- 1 **G**O, labour on: spend, and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?
- 2 Go, labour on, 'tis not for naught,
The earthly loss is heavenly gain!
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises:—what are men?
- 3 Go, labour on, enough while here
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.
- 4 Go, labour on, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on:
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 5 Men die in darkness at thy side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb.
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights earth's thickest gloom.

76

- 6 Toll on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 7 Toll on, and in thy toil rejoice:
For work comes rest, for exile home:
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight cry, "Behold, I come!"

H. BONAR. 1843.

291

C.M.

Be thou very courageous.
Josh. i. 7.

- 1 **O**H, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!
- 2 He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.
- 3 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.
- 4 Workman of God! oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like:
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 5 For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

F. W. FABER. 1861.

292

7s.

One is your Master, even Christ.
Matt. xxiii. 8.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Master whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve,
All Thy bidding to fulfil:
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.
- 2 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt, I would not choose,
Only let me hear Thy call;
Jesus, let me always be
In Thy service glad and free.

F. R. HAVERGAL. 1878.

293

8s.

Whatever ye do, do it heartily.
Col. iii. 23.

- 1 **D**ISSMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
But train me for Thy will;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfil;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve Thee still.

SERVICE.

- 2 How many serve, how many more
May to the service come!
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some:
Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home.
- 3 All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases Thee;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity;
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt Thou permit to be.
- 4 Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing His service, every one
Share too His Sonship may;
Lord, I would serve, and be a son:
Dismiss me not, I pray.

T. T. LYNCH. 1855.

294

8.7.

He shall carry the lambs in His bosom.—Isa. xl. 11.

- 1 SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;
- 2 Now these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm,
There we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm!
- 3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness so loving
Keep them all life's dangerous way.
- 4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

W. A. MUHLENBERG.

295

P.M.

Some for the work of the ministry.
Eph. i. 12.

- 1 ONE more day's work for Jesus;
One less of earth for me!
But heaven is nearer,
And Christ is dearer,
Than yesterday to me:
His love and light,
Fill all my soul to-night.
- Chorus—One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of earth for me.

- 2 One more day's work for Jesus;
How glorious is my King!
'Tis joy, not duty,
To speak His beauty:
My soul mounts on the wing,
At the mere thought
How Christ my life has bought.

77

- 3 One more day's work for Jesus;
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory
When Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!
- 4 One more day's work for Jesus;
Oh, yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all—
Before His face I fall!
- 5 Oh, blessed work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus's feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day.

ANNE WARNER. 1874

296

C.M.

Could ye not watch with Me?
Matt. xxvi. 40.

- 1 WATCH and pray! fast fades the day,
And night will soon be here;
The end of all things is at hand,
And Jesus will appear.
- 2 Watch and pray! fast fades the day,
And thousand voices cry,
"Prepare! prepare! the time is short.
His coming draweth nigh."
- 3 Watch and pray! fast fades the day,
And work is to be done:
The harvest must be gathered in
While lasts the summer's sun.
- 4 Watch and pray! fast fades the day,
And what a long, long night,
For those who cannot meet their Lord
With feelings of delight!
- 5 Watch and pray! say, children, say,
Are you prepared for home?
And can you cry, with voice of joy,
"Oh come, Lord Jesus, come?"
- 6 Watch and pray! fast fades the day,
Oh cry, while yet there's time,
"Lord Jesus, take my sins away,
And make me wholly Thine."

EDWIN HODDER. 1871.

297

S.M.

Watch therefore.—Matt. xxiv. 42.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

78

TEACHERS' MEETINGS.

- 3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak He's near :
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall His Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that favoured servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.
PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

PROGRESS.

298 6.5. Go forward.—Exod. xiv. 15.

- 1 **F**ORWARD ! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined ;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind :
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head ;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led ?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight :
Canaan lies before us,
Sion beams with light.
- 2 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth ;
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth :
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day :
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray :
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night ;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.
- 3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared :
Eye hath not beheld them ;
Ear hath never heard :
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word ;
Forward, ever forward,
Clad in armour bright ;
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.
- 4 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth ;
That fair home is ours !
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold ;
78

Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold :
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might :
Pilgrims, to your country,
Forward into light.

DEAN ALFORD. 1865.

299 7.6. Strangers and pilgrims. Heb. xi. 13.

- 1 **O** HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head !
- 2 O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men :
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then !
- 3 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due :
The crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.
- 4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,—
- 5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—
- 6 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth ?
- 7 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize !
JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM. 870.

300 S.M. Put on the whole armour of God. Eph. vi. 11.

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on, [plies
Strong in the strength which God sup-
Through His eternal Son ;
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts ;
And in His mighty power :
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
- 4 Jesus hath died for you ;
What can His love withstand ?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from His hand ?

- 5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
- 6 Then, having all things done,
And every conflict past,
Accepted each through Christ alone,
You shall be crowned at last.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

301

6.5.

A pillar of a cloud to lead them.

Exod. xiii. 21.

- 1 **B**RIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
Take our heavenward way.
- Cho.*—Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

- 2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
- 3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower;
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.
- 4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.

T. J. POTTER. 1860.

302

7.6.

Stand fast in the faith.

1 Cor. xvi. 13.

- 1 **S**TAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

79

- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men, now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes!
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armour,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

GEO. DUFFIELD. 1868.

303

C.M.

Conquering and to conquer.

Rev. vi. 2.

- 1 **T**HE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:—
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.
- 2 The martyr first, whose eagle-eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:—
Who follows in his train?
- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came; [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane; [feel:—
They bowed their necks the death to
Who follows in their train?
- 4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

R. HEBER. 1827.

f 2

TEACHERS' MEETINGS.

HOME!

304

C.M.

Now I know in part; but then...

1 Cor. xiii. 12.

- 1 **T**IS but a veil that hangs between
The saint and joys divine;
And beams of glory oft are seen
Amidst its folds to shine.
- 2 Those rays on hearts of darkness fall,
And chase the gloom within;
With hope they waken to the call,
And burst the chains of sin.
- 3 And hourly does this veil unfold
Some waiting saint to bless,
Whom Jesus summons to behold
"His face in righteousness."
- 4 The angels bear them one by one
To join that rapturous throng,
Which round about the burning throne
Awakes the conqueror's song.
- 5 Those holy sounds we hear not now,
But soon the day will rise,
When, without veil, we too shall bow
Amid those upper skies.

EDWARD WHITE. 1875.

305

10s.

To me to live is Christ.

Phil. i. 21.

- 1 **T**EACH me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away— [eye,
On earth's long night to close the heavy
And waken in the glorious realms of day.
- 2 Teach me that harder lesson—how to live,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
Arm me for conflict new, fresh vigour
give, [the strife.
And make me more than conqueror in
- 3 Teach me to live for self and sin no more,
But use the time remaining to me yet;
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.
- 4 Teach me to live! no idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart
employ,
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully—
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.
- 5 Teach me to live and find my life in Thee,
Looking from earth and earthly things
away;
Let me not falter, but untiringly
Press on, and gain new strength and
power each day.
- 6 Teach me to live! with kindly words for
all,
Wearing no cold repulsive brow of gloom,
Waiting with cheerful patience till Thy
call
Summons my spirit to its heavenly home.

ELLEN E. BURNAM. 1860.

80

306

87.

By little and little.

Exod. xxiii. 30.

- 1 **O**NE by one the saints are going
To their heavenly home above,
Where the peaceful streams are flowing,
Where there's endless light and love.
Chc.—Where the sunshine ever lingers,
In that happy land so fair,
Just beyond death's gloomy river,
One by one they'll gather there.
- 2 All the heart and life bestowing,
In the service of their Lord,
One by one the saints are going
To receive their blest reward.
- 3 Drop by drop the streams are flowing,
Flowing onward to the sea:
One by one the saints are going
To a vast eternity.
- 4 One by one the saints are going,
In the bliss of heaven to share,
Where the light of life is glowing,
Soon they'll rest for ever there.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. 1871.

307

S.M.

He that... believeth in Me shall never die.—John xi. 26.

- 1 **I**T is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And 'midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.
- 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free,
From dungeon chains to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.
- 4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

G. W. BETHUNE. 1853.

308

C.M.

He shall enter into peace.

Isa. lvi. 2.

- 1 **H**OW softly, on the western hills,
The sunset light is shed!
So Christ the Lord sheds forth His peace
Around the dying bed.

- 2 How quietly the glowing sky
Melts into deeper gloom ;
So calm the Christian fades away
Into his Saviour's tomb.
- 3 The sun is gone, but round the heavens
The crimson hues are cast ;
So sweet the memory left behind,
When good men breathe their last.
- 4 And now, above the dews of night,
The vesper star appears : [heart,—
Thus faith lights up the mourner's
Lights up the mourner's tears.
- 5 The darkness deepens ; sure to bring
The morning in the skies ;
So all that sleep in Jesus now
In glory shall arise.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1837.

309

C.M.

A good soldier of Jesus Christ.
2 Tim. ii. 3.

- 1 CAPTAIN and Saviour of the host
Of Christian chivalry,
We bless Thee for our comrade true,
Now summoned up to Thee.
- 2 We bless Thee for his every step
In faithful following Thee ;
And for his good fight fought so well,
And crowned with victory.
- 3 We thank Thee that the way-worn sleeps,
The sleep in Jesus blest ;
The purified and ransomed soul
Hath entered into rest.
- 4 We bless Thee that his humble love
Hath met with such regard ;
We bless Thee for his blessedness,
And for his rich reward.

GEORGE RAWSON. 1833.

310

P.M.

*Sorrow not, even as others who
have no hope.—1 Thess. iv. 13.*

- 1 THOU art gone to the grave,
But we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness
Encompass the tomb ;
The Saviour has passed
Through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love
Is thy guide through the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave ;
We no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path
Of the world by thy side ;
But the wide arms of Mercy
Are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope,
Since the Sinless has died.

81

- 3 Thou art gone to the grave,
And, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy weak spirit
In fear lingered long ;
But the sunshine of Paradise
Beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st
Was the seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave,
But 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
For God was thy ransom,
Thy guardian, and guide ;
He gave thee, He took thee,
And He will restore thee ;
And death has no sting,
Since the Saviour has died.

E. HERBER. 1827

311

G.S.

My Father's house.—John xiv. 2.

- 1 O HEAVEN, sweet heaven,
The home of the blest,
Where hearts, once in trouble,
Are ever at rest ;
Where eyes that could see not
Rejoice in the light,
And beggars, made princes,
Are walking in white.
- 2 O heaven, sweet heaven,
Where purity reigns,
Where error disturbs not,
And sin never stains ;
Where holiness robes in
Its garments so fair
The great multitude
That is worshipping there.
- O heaven, sweet heaven,
Whose music ne'er dies,
But rich pealing anthems
Of glory arise ;
Whose saints with one feeling
Of rapture are stirred,
And loud hallelujahs
For ever are heard.
- 4 O heaven, sweet heaven,
Where friends never part,
But cords of true friendship
Bind firmly the heart ;
Where farewell shall never
More fall on the ear,
Nor eyes that have sorrowed
Be dimmed with a tear.
- 5 O heaven, sweet heaven,
The mansion of love,
Where Christ in His beauty
Shines forth from above,
The Lamb with His sceptre,
To charm and control ;
And love is the sea
That encircles the whole.

S. H. NEVIN.

PART IV.

JUNIOR CLASSES.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

312

C.M.

One generation shall praise Thy works to another.—Pa. cxlv. 6.

1 **H**OW glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty?

2 How great His power is none can tell,
Nor think how large His grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before His face.

3 Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search His secret will;
But they perform His heavenly word,
And sing His praises still.

4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring;
The eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

ISAAC WATTS. 1715.

313

7a.

Worthy to be praised.—Pa. xviii. 3.

1 **L**ET us sing with one accord
Praise to Jesus Christ our Lord;
He is worthy whom we praise;
Hearts and voices let us raise.

2 He hath made us by His power,
He hath kept us to this hour,
He redeems us from the grave,
He who died now lives to save.

3 What He bids us let us do;
Where He leads us let us go;
As He loves us let us love
All below and all above.

4 Angels praise Him, so will we,
Sinful children though we be;
Poor and weak, we'll sing the more,
Jesus helps the weak and poor.

82

5 Dear to Him is childhood's prayer;
Children's hearts to Him are dear;
Hearts and voices let us raise,
He is worthy whom we praise.

D. ANN THRUPT.

314

10.10.11.11.

Let them praise the name of the Lord.—Pa. cxlv. 13.

1 **L**ET children proclaim
Their Saviour and King;
To Jesus' great name
Hosannas we sing:
Our best adoration
To Jesus we give,
Who purchased salvation
For us to receive.

2 The meek Lamb of God
From heaven came down,
To ransom with blood,
And make us His own:
And Him without ceasing
We all shall proclaim,
And ever be blessing
Our Jesus' great name.

3 To Him will we give
Our earliest days,
And thankfully live
To publish His praise:
Our lives shall confess Him
Who came from above:
Our tongues ever bless Him,
And tell of His love.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1761.

315

7.b.

*O satisfy us early with Thy mercy.
Pa. xc. 14.*

1 **O**H! Lord, our Strength and Refuge,
Behold us drawing near,
To supplicate Thy blessing
Upon this opening year;
What days may be before us,
Not one of us can tell;
Oh, satisfy us early,
With grace to spend them well.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

- 2 And early in our lifetime,
While all is fresh and new,
Descend upon our spirits
As fertilizing dew;
Let not the years pass o'er us,
And leave us far from Thee,
But satisfy us early,
With fervent prayer.
- 3 And early every morning,
Before the strife begins,
With world, and flesh, and devil,
With toils, and cares, and sins;
To do our daily duties,
May we our hearts prepare,
And always seek Thee early,
In Scripture and in Prayer.
- 4 Oh, satisfy us early,
With grace, and peace, and love,
And showers of Thy mercy,
Descending from above;
That following our Saviour,
Obedient to His voice,
Through all our days with gladness
And praise we may rejoice.

F. H. HOBARTS. 1880.

316 *Give us this day our daily bread.* Matt. vi. 11.

- 1 FATHER, lead me day by day
Ever in Thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.
- 2 When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that Thou canst save;
Keep me safe by Thy dear side;
Let me in Thy love abide.
- 3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.
- 4 When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee;
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.
- 5 When my work seems hard and dry,
May I press on cheerily;
Help me patiently to bear
Pain and hardship, toil and care.
- 6 May I see the good and bright
When they pass before my sight;
May I hear the heavenly voice
When the pure and wise rejoice.
- 7 May I do the good I know,
Be Thy loving child below,
Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore Thy child to be.

J. F. HOPPE.

317 *C.M. He careth for you.—1 Pet. v. 7.*

- 1 LORD, I would own Thy tender care,
And all Thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by Thee.
- 2 'Tis Thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless Thou give me power.
- 3 My health and friends and parents dear,
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from heaven.
- 4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee, and obey.

ANN GILBERT. 1812.

318 *C.M. Hallowed be Thy name.* Matt. vi. 9.

- 1 COME, let us join the hosts above,
Now in our youngest days,
Remember our Creator's love,
And sing our Father's praise.
- 2 His majesty will not despise
The day of feeble things,
Grateful the songs of children rise,
And please the King of kings.
- 3 He loves to be remembered thus,
And honoured for His grace;
Out of the mouths of babes like us
His wisdom perfects praise.
- 4 Glory to God, and praise and power,
Honour and thanks be given;
Children and cherubim adore
The Lord of earth and heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1761.

319 *C.M. Sing to Him, sing psalms to Him.* Ps. cv. 2.

- 1 SING to the Lord the children's hymn,
His gentle love declare,
Who bends amid the seraphim
To hear the children's prayer.
- 2 He held us to His mighty breast,
The children of the earth;
He lifted up His hands, and blest
The babes of human birth.
- 3 So shall He be to us our God,
Our gracious Saviour too;
The ways we tread His footsteps trod,
The paths of youth He knew.
- 4 Lo! from the stars His face will turn
On us with glances mild,
The angels of His presence yearn
To bless the little child.

JUNIOR CLASSES.

- 5 Keep us, O Jesus, Lord, for Thee,
That so by Thy great grace,
We children of Thy love may see
Our heavenly Father's face.

R. S. HAWKER.

320

8.5.8.3.

*He shall gather the lambs
with His arm.—Isa. xl. 11.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I read of tender mercy
In Thy life on earth;
Angels sang of peace and goodness
At Thy birth.
- 2 All Thy ways were lovingkindness
To the sons of men;
None so vile but Thou hadst pity
For them then.
- 3 When I see Thee gently folding
Infants to Thy breast,
Lord, it seems to me a welcome
To be blest.
- 4 But I've wanted for some clearer
Token from Thy throne,
Some permission whispered into
Me alone.
- 5 Now no longer will I linger
Waiting for a sign,
Let Thy Spirit softly whisper—
"Thou art Mine."

T. VINCENT TYMMES. 1882.

321

7.6.

*Ye are of more value than many
sparrows.—Matt. x. 31.*

- 1 **G**OD loves the little sparrows,
And guides them as they fly,
And feeds them in His kindness,
Lest they should faint and die:
He teaches them their music,
That they may tell His praise,
Among the waving branches,
In summer's golden days.

- 2 God loves the little flowers,
Wherever they may grow,
In bright and lovely gardens,
Or nooks that none may know;
He blesses them with beauty,
Of fragrance and of hue,
And fills them in the morning
With His refreshing dew.
- 3 God loves the little streamlet,
And sends it on its way
Through daisy fields and meadows,
Where we delight to play;
He keeps it clear and shining
As it runs to the sea,
And makes it leap with gladness,
And sing right merrily.

- 4 God loves all little children
Better than bird or brook,
Or sweetest scented flowers,
However fair they look;
He sent His Son to save us
With His most precious blood,
That we might be for ever
The best-loved works of God.

WALTER J. MATHAMS. 1882.

322

8.5.8.3.

*I have called you friends.
John xv. 15.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, Friend of little children,
Be a Friend to me;
Take my hand and ever keep me
Close to Thee.
- 2 Show me what my love should cherish,
What, too, it should shun;
Lest my feet for poison flowers
Swift should run.
- 3 Teach me how to grow in goodness
Daily as I grow;
Thou hast been a child, and surely
Thou dost know.
- 4 Fill me with Thy gentle meekness,
Make my heart like Thine;
Like an altar lamp then let me
Burn and shine.
- 5 Step by step, oh! lead me onward,
Upward into youth;
Wiser, stronger still becoming
In Thy truth.
- 6 Never leave me, nor forsake me,
Ever be my friend,
For I need Thee from life's dawning
To its end.

WALTER J. MATHAMS. 1882.

323

6.5.

*We have seen His star in the east.
Matt. ii. 2.*

- 1 **I**N the wintry heaven
Shines a wondrous star;
In the East the wise men
Watched it from afar;
Asking, "What this lustre,
So unearthly bright?"
Answering, "Christ in glory
Comes to earth to-night!"
- 2 O'er the dusty highway,
O'er the deserts drear,
From the East the wise men
Watch it shining clear;
Asking, "Shall we follow
In this starlit way?"
Answering, "Yes; 'twill lead us
To the perfect day."

BIBLE TEACHINGS.

- 3 In a lowly manger
Lies an Infant weak;
It is He whom wise men
Come so far to seek?
Asking, "Where the Monarch?
Where Judæa's King?"
Saying, "Gifts and worship
To His throne we bring."
- 4 In our hearts we children
See this star once more:
Not as wise men saw it,
In the days of yore;
Asking, "May we bring Him
Childhood's love to-day?"
Answering, "Come, dear children,
Jesus says we may."

324 P.M.
*On earth peace, good-will toward
men.—Luke xi. 14.*

- 1 **R**ING, ring the bells, the joyful bells,
This merry Christmas morn!
Their sweet, melodious music tells
The day that Christ was born.
Sweetly they sound o'er vale and glen;
Hark! how their music swells
With "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
O merry Christmas bells!

*Cho.—Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas
bells, [mas bells;
The bells, the merry, merry Christ-
Ring, ring the merry Christmas bells!*

- 2 Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells!
For in their joyous chime
Once more on earth the chorus swells
Of angel song sublime.
The sweet old Story, ever new,
Falls on the heart again,
Refreshing as the early dew,
Or the soft summer rain.

- 3 Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells!
Prophetic of the day
When He of whom their music tells
Shall all the nations sway;
Shall bless and fill and rule each heart,
Shall bid all sorrows cease,
And give His own the better part
Of everlasting peace.

325 6.5.
*Do all in the name of the Lord
Jesus.—Col. iii. 17.*

- 1 **I**N the name of Jesus,
Jesus, God and Lord,
God, by angels worshipped,
God, by men adored;
God, who made the mountains,
Who the hungry fed,
God, who blessed the children,
God, who raised the dead.

*Cho.—In the name of Jesus,
Jesus, God the Lord,
Do each smallest action,
Speak each lightest word.*

- 2 In the name of Jesus,
Jesus, God and Lord,
Who to save the guilty,
Forth His life-blood poured:
Who is interceding,
At the throne on high,
Mingling with His pleading
Children's softest cry.

- 3 In the name of Jesus,
Jesus, God and Lord,
Gird your armour round you,
Grip your shield and sword:
In the name of Jesus,
Once a child like you,
Boys, be brave and honest,
Girls, be pure and true.

- 4 In the name of Jesus,
Jesus, God and Lord,
Live by night and daylight,
Live at home, abroad;
Learn your lessons fully;
Do your work with care;
Play, as in His presence,
For His call prepare.

F. H. ROBERTS. 1877.

BIBLE TEACHINGS.

326 C.M.
*Thou understandest my thoughts
as far off.—Ps. cxxxix. 2.*

- 1 **A** THOUGHT is but a little thing,
That nobody can see;
Yet real joy or sorrowing
That thought may come to be.
- 2 A word! oh, what can well be less!
And yet by every one
There comes sweet peace or bitterness,
And good or ill is done.
- 3 An action! all the little deeds
That ripple through the day;
What right or wrong from each proceeds,
Before they pass away.
- 4 Great God, my actions, words, and thought
Are all observed by Thee;
May I, by Thy good Spirit taught,
Live always carefully.

H. BATEMAN.

327 7s.
*Set a watch, O Lord, before my
mouth.—Ps. cxli. 3.*

- 1 **W**ORDS are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
We forget them, but they stand
Witnesses at God's right hand,
And their testimony bear
For us or against us there.

- 2 Oh, how often ours have been
Idle words, and words of sin;
Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
Or deceit our faults to hide;
Envious tales, or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind!
- 3 Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch, and grace to pray;
May our lips, from sin kept free,
Love to speak and sing of Thee,
Till in heaven we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise.

J. G. FLEET.

328

P. M.
Be ye kind one to another.
Eph. iv. 32.

- 1 **K**IND words can never die;
Cherished and blest,
God knows how deep they lie,
Stored in the breast.
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Go through all years and climes,
The heart to cheer.
Kind words can never die,
No, never die.
- 2 Childhood can never die—
Wrecks of the past
Float o'er the memory,
Bright to the last;
Many a happy thing,
Many a daisy spring,
Float o'er time's ceaseless wing,
Far, far away.
Childhood can never die,
No, never die.
- 3 Sweet thoughts can never die,
Though, like the flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly
In wintry hours.
But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue
They bloom again.
Sweet thoughts can never die,
No, never die.
- 4 Our souls can never die,
Though in the tomb
We all may have to lie,
Wrapped in its gloom.
What though the flesh decay,
Souls pass in peace away,
Live through eternal day
With Christ above.
Our souls can never die,
No never die.

ABBY HUTCHINSON.

329

65.
Here a little, there a little.
Isa. xxviii. 12.

- 1 **L**ITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.
- 2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.
- 3 And our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Far in sin to stray.
- 4 Little deeds of mercy
Sown by youthful hands
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.
- 5 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

E. C. BREWER.

330

7a.
I am but a little child.
1 Kings iii. 7.

- 1 **E**VERY little step I take
Forward in my heavenly way,
Every little effort make
To grow Christ-like day by day,—
- 2 Little sighs and little prayers,
Even little tears which fall,
Little hopes and fears and cares,
Saviour, Thou dost know them all.
- 3 Thus my greatest joy is this,
That my Saviour, loving, mild,
Knows the children's weaknesses,
And Himself was once a child.

331

6a.
*Speak, Lord, for Thy servant
heareth.*—1 Sam. iii. 9.

- 1 **G**OD sets a still small voice
Deep every soul within;
It guideth to the right,
And warneth us of sin.
- 2 If we that voice obey,
Clearer its tones will be,
Till all God's will for us
Clear as noon-day we see.
- 3 If we that voice neglect,
Fainter will be its tone;
If still unheeded, it
Will leave us quite alone.

BIBLE TEACHINGS.

- 4 O grief! to be allowed
To go our own wild way;
Lord, hold Thy children back,
Lest we so madly stray.
- 5 And help us to attend
To Thy sweet voice divine;
Then in the judgment-day
Own us, good Lord, as Thine.

332 5.6. *The Lord . . . cometh and reckoneth.* Matt. xxv. 19.

- 1 GOD intrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young or small
That they have not any.
Though the great and wise
Have a larger number,
Yet my one I prize,
And it must not slumber.
- 2 Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers,
And I may attain
Much by little powers.
Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.
- 3 God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me was given.
God intrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young or small
That they have not any.

JAMES EDMESTON. 1860.

333 5.6.6.4. *He careth for you.—1 Pet. v. 7.*

- 1 GOD, who made the earth,
The air, the sky, the sea,
Who gave the light its birth,
Careth for me.
- 2 God, who made the grass,
The flower, the fruit, the tree,
The day and night to pass,
Careth for me.
- 3 God, who made the sun,
The moon, and stars, is He
Who, when life's clouds come on,
Careth for me.
- 4 God, who made all things
On earth, in air, in sea,
Who changing seasons brings,
Careth for me.
- 5 God, who gave me breath,
Be this my prayer to Thee,
That when I sink in death
Care Thou for me.

- 6 God, who sent His Son
To die on Calvary,
He, if I lean on Him,
Will care for me.
- 7 When in heaven's bright land
I all His loved ones see,
I'll sing with that blest band,
God cared for me.

334 7.5. *As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also.—Luke vi. 31.*

- 1 NEVER lose the golden rule,
Keep it still in view;
Do to others as you would
They should do to you.
Kindly, gently,
In their burden bear a part;
Meekly chiding
With a loving heart.
- Cho.*—Never lose the golden rule,
Keep it still in view;
Do for others as you would
They should do to you.
- 2 Help the feeble ones along,
Cheer the faint and weak;
To the sorrow-laden heart
Words of comfort speak.
Freely, freely,
From the bounty of your store;
Cheerful givers,
Help the humble poor.
- 3 Love the Lord, the first command,
With thy soul and mind;
Love thy neighbour as thyself,
Both in one combined.
Justly, justly,
With each other strive to live;
Ever ready,
Willing to forgive.

335 8.M. *The Lord shall preserve thee.* Ps. cxxi. 7.

- 1 COME, children, let us go!
Our Father is our Guide;
And if our way be bright or dark,
He's ever at our side.
- 2 Our spirits He will cheer
With sunshine of His love;
He guards us, and we need not fear,
With such a Friend above.
- 3 Come, children, let us go!
Nor, by the way, fall out;
But help each other brotherly,—
God guards us round about.
- 4 The strong be quick to raise
The weaker, if they fall;
In love and peace and quiet go;
God's blessing keep us all!

JUNIOR CLASSES.

OF JESUS AND HIS LOVE.

336

7a.
Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly.—Matt. xi. 29.

- 1 GENTLE Jesus, full of grace,
At Thy feet I take my place;
Thou art wise, and I am not,
But I long to change my lot;
Teach me what is best to know,
That in wisdom I may grow.
- 2 Ever would I learn of Thee
Lessons that will set me free
From my ignorance and sin,
From all error still within:
Words of knowledge to me speak
Let me patient be, and meek.
- 3 In this world of wrong and strife,
Thou didst lead a noble life;
Show me how Thy work was done!
How sustained and how begun;
Knowing then what I must do,
I will try to labour too.
- 4 Daily learning more and more,
Daily adding to my store,
I shall greater power gain,
And to higher heights attain;
And in deeds of righteousness
Shall my Teacher's name confess.

WALTER J. MATHAMS. 1882.

337

C.M.
O come, let us sing unto the Lord.
Ps. xcv. 1.

- 1 COME, let us praise the Prince of
Obey the Saviour's call; [Peace,
Come, sing aloud His glorious grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Let every girl and every boy
Before His footstool fall,
And their triumphant songs employ,
To crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring,
Ye children great and small;
Hosannas sing to Christ your King,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 For Jesus will our sins forgive,
Who now invites us all;
For us He died that we might live,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Oh, let our hearts receive our King,
No more refuse His call;
That so in heaven we still may sing,
And crown Him Lord of all.

AMERICAN. 1843.

338

L.M.
Christ died for us.—1 Thess. v. 10.

- 1 JESUS, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die;
And in the Bible we may see
How very good He used to be.

88

- 2 He went about—He was so kind—
To cure poor people who were blind;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them and did the same.

- 3 And more than that, He told them, too,
The things that God would have them do;
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.

- 4 But such a cruel death He died!
He was hung up and crucified!
And those kind hands that did such good,
They nailed them to a cross of wood.

- 5 And so He died!—and this is why
He came to be a man and die;
The Bible says He came from heaven,
That we might have our sins forgiven.

- 6 He knew how wicked man had been;
He knew that God must punish sin;
So, out of pity, Jesus said
He'd bear the punishment instead.

JANE TAYLOR. 1812.

339

7a.
Jesus increased in wisdom and stature.—Luke ii. 52.

- 1 JESUS, when a little child,
Taught us what we ought to be:
Holy, harmless, undefiled
Was the Saviour's infancy;
All the Father's glory shone
In the person of His Son.

- 2 As in age and strength He grew
Heavenly wisdom filled His breast,
Crowds attentive round Him drew,
Wondering at their gentle Guest,
Gazed upon His lovely face,
Saw Him full of truth and grace.

- 3 Father, guide our steps aright
In the way that Jesus trod;
May it be our great delight
To obey Thy will, O God;
Then to us shall soon be given
Endless bliss with Christ in heaven.

340

87.
Who did no sin.—1 Pet. ii. 22.

- 1 JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me;
Oh, that in my whole behaviour
He my pattern still may be!
All my nature is unholily,
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess,
He was always self-denying,—
Patient in His worst distress.

OF JESUS AND HIS LOVE.

Let me never be forgetful
Of His precepts any more,
Idle, passionate and fretful,
As I've often been before.

- 3 Lord, though now Thou art in glory,
We have Thine example still;
I can read Thy sacred story,
And obey Thy holy will.
Help me by that rule to measure
Every word and every thought,
Thinking it my greatest pleasure
Here to learn what Thou hast taught.

JANE TAYLOR. 1812.

341 7a. *Him that loveth us.*—Rev. i. 5.

- 1 JESUS loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.
Cho.—Yes, Jesus loves me, the Bible
tells me so.

- 2 Jesus loves me! He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

- 3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I may be weak and ill;
From His shining throne on high
Comes to watch me where I lie.

- 4 Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way:
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.

ANNA WARNER.

342 7a. *Children . . . saying, Hosanna!* Matt. xxi. 15.

- 1 CHILDREN of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name;
Children, too, of later days
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.

Cho.—Hark! while youthful voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King.

- 2 We have often heard and read
What the royal Psalmist said,
Babes and sucklings' artless lays
Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise.

- 3 We are taught to love the Lord;
We are taught to read His word;
We are taught the way to heaven:
Praise for all to God be given!

- 4 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song:
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.

J. HENLEY.

343 65. *Jesus called a little child.* Matt. xviii. 25.

- 1 JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

- 2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

- 3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

- 4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day:
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.

- 5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
Saviour, Lord, we come.

AMERICAN.

344 C.M. *Hosanna in the highest.* Matt. xxi. 9.

- 1 HOSANNA, be the children's song
To Christ, the children's King:
His praise to whom their souls belong
Let all the children sing.

Cho.—Hosanna, then, our song shall be,
Hosanna to our King;
This is the children's jubilee,
Let all the children sing.

- 2 Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain:
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

- 3 Hosanna, on the wings of light
O'er earth and ocean fly;
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1837.

345 C.M. *Children . . . let them praise the* ... Lord.—Ps. cxlviii. 13.

- 1 COME, happy children, come and raise
Your voice with one accord;
Come, sing a cheerful song of praise,
And bless your Saviour Lord.

- 2 Sing of the wonders of His grace,
Who pardons all your sin,
And says that such as seek His face
Shall life eternal win.

JUNIOR CLASSES.

- 3 Sing of the wonders of His love,
And praise and glory give
To Him who left His throne above,
And died that you might live.
- 4 Sing of the wonders of His power,
Who, with His own right arm,
Upholds and keeps you every hour,
And shields your souls from harm.
- 5 Sing of the wonders of His name,
And Jesus Christ adore:
Him for your Lord and God proclaim,
And praise Him evermore.

346

7a.
Meek and lowly in heart.
Matt. xi. 29.

- 1 GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Teach me, Lord, to come to Thee.
- 2 Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Lamb of God, forbid it not;
In the Kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.
- 3 Oh, supply my every want;
Feed the young and tender plant;
Day and night my Keeper be;
Every moment watch round me.
- 4 Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1761.

347

P.M.
He put His hands on them.
Mark x. 16.

- 1 I THINK when I read that sweet story
Of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to
His fold, [then]
I should like to have been with them
I wish that His hand had been placed on
my head, [me]
That His arms had been thrown around
And that I might have seen His kind
look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."
- 2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I
may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He has gone to
prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering
there,
For of such is the Kingdom of heaven.

90

- 3 But thousands and thousands who wan-
der and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room
for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every
clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

JEMIMA LUKE. 1841.

348

11.10.11.10.
A tribute of free-will offering.
Deut. xvi. 10.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, we gather our tribute
to bring, [spring;
The breathings of love, like blossoms of
Our gracious Redeemer! we gratefully
raise [Thy praise.
Our hearts and our voices in hymning
Cho.—Hallelujah! Hosanna in the
highest! [to the Lord.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hosanna
- 2 Those arms which embraced little
children of old
Still love to encircle the lambs of the fold!
That grace which receiveth the wanderer
home
Has never forbidden the youngest to come.
- 3 Hosanna! Hosanna! Great Teacher, we
raise [Thy praise.
Our hearts and our voices in songs to
For precept and promise so graciously
given, [of heaven.
For blessings of earth and the glory

349

C.M.
Bless the Lord, O my soul.
Ps. ciii. 1.

- 1 O GOD! our offerings we present
Of childhood's early praise,
For all the blessings we receive
On holy Sabbath-days.
- 2 We bless Thee for the day of rest,
For all the means of grace;
We bless Thee for the home in heaven,
And for Thy smiling face.
- 3 We bless Thee for Thy holy Word,—
Able to make us wise;
We bless Thee for the joys prepared
For children in the skies.
- 4 We bless Thee for each loving friend,
And for the help they give:
Oh, grant them all a large reward
As long as they shall live!
- 5 O God! our youthful offerings take,
Accept our humble praise,
For all the mercies we receive
On holy Sabbath-days.

J. K. FELLY.

OF JESUS AND HIS LOVE.

350

S.M.

We would see Jesus.—John xii. 21.

- 1 **H**ARK ! 'tis the Saviour calls ;
How sweet to hear His voice ;
Like music on the ear it falls,
And makes the heart rejoice.
- 2 " Ask, and My Father's ear
Shall catch your softest cry ;
Seek, for My grace is always near,
A plenteous free supply."
- 3 O knock at mercy's door
With patient, humble mind ;
And every blessing you implore,
Your thankful hearts shall find.

ELIZABETH PARSON. 1836.

351

7.5.

He calleth thee.—Mark x. 49.

- 1 **C**OME to Jesus, little one,
Come to Jesus now ;
Humbly at His gracious throne
In submission bow.
- 2 At His feet confess your sin,
Seek forgiveness there ;
For His blood can make you clean—
He will hear your prayer.
- 3 Seek His face without delay ;
Give Him now your heart ;
Tarry not, but while you may,
Choose the better part.
- 4 Come to Jesus, little one,
Come to Jesus now ;
Humbly at His gracious throne
In submission bow.

R. TURNER.

352

6.5.

They desire a better country.
Heb. xi. 16.

- 1 **I**'M a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here ;
Though this world is pleasant,
Sin is always near.
- 2 Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin ;
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.
- 3 But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes,
And with Christ be seen.
- 4 Jesus, cleanse and save me ;
Teach me to obey ;
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heavenly way.
- 5 I'm a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here,
But my home in heaven
Cometh ever near.

J. CURWEN. 1855.

353

7.6.8.6.

Let this mind be in you.—Phil. ii. 5.

- 1 **I** WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek,
For no one marked an angry word,
That ever heard Him speak.
- 2 I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer ;
Alone upon the mountain top
He met His Father there.
- 3 I want to be like Jesus ;
I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.
- 4 I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,—
"She hath done what she could."
- 5 I want to be like Jesus,
Who sweetly said to all,
"Let little children come to Me :"
I would obey the call.
- 6 But oh, I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see ;
Then, gentle Saviour, send Thy grace,
And make me like to Thee.

W. M. WHITTEMORE. 1860.

354

7a.

I love them that love Me.
Prov. viii. 17.

- 1 **H**ARK ! a still small voice is heard
Gently speaking from above :
'Tis the great Redeemer's word,
'Tis the message of His love.
Hear the call to you addressed,
Ye who would be truly blessed.
- 2 "Those who with devoted mind
Seek in early life My face,
Shall My lasting favour find,
And enjoy My richest grace.
Early, then, while yet I wait,
Seek Me, ere it be too late."
- 3 Lord, we come, without delay ;
We would love and seek Thee thus :
Jesus, now Thy love display,
Saving, guiding, blessing us !
May we dwell with Thee above,
Ever happy in Thy love !

JOHN BURTON. 1840.

355

8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

Where I am ye may be also.
John xiv. 3.

- 1 **T**HERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky ;
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.

JUNIOR CLASSES.

Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

- 2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
For those who love the Saviour,
And Abba, Father, cry.
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.
- 3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy.
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
For ever happy there.
- 4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by.
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On those who've found His favour,
And loved Him here below.
- 5 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.
- 6 There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music,
And a palm of victory.
All, all, above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

ALBERT MIDLANE. 1860.

356

6.5.
Come unto God by Him.
Heb. vii. 25.

- 1 **I** F I come to Jesus
He will make me glad;
He will give me pleasure
When my heart is sad.
Cho.—If I come to Jesus
Happy I shall be;
He is gently calling
Little ones like me.
- 2 If I come to Jesus
He will hear my prayer;
For He loves me dearly,
And my sins did bear.

92

- 3 If I come to Jesus
He will take my hand;
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.

- 4 There with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour,
In that world so bright.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

357

7.7.8.8.7.7.
The Lord is my Shepherd.
Ps. xxiii. 1.

- 1 **I** AM Jesus' little lamb;
Ever glad at heart I am;
Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me,
All things fair and good He shows me,
Even calls me by my name:
Every day He is the same.
- 2 Safely in and out I go;
Jesus loves and keeps me so.
When I hunger, Jesus feeds me;
When I thirst, my Shepherd leads me
Where the waters softly flow,
Where the sweetest pastures grow.
- 3 Should I not be always glad?
Jesus would not have me sad;
And when this short life is ended,
Those whom the Good Shepherd tended
Will be taken to the skies,
There to dwell in Paradise.

GERMAN HYMN.

358

7.7.8.8.7.7.
Ye belong to Christ.
Mark ix. 41.

- 1 **I** AM Jesus' little friend;
On His mercy I depend;
If I try to please Him ever,
If I grieve His spirit never,
Oh, how very good to me
Will my Saviour always be!
- 2 Very young and weak am I,
Yet He guides me with His eye;
In a pleasant path He leads me,
With a gentle hand He feeds me,
Chides me when I'm doing wrong,
Listens to my happy song.
- 3 He is with me all the day,
With me in my busy play;
O'er my waking and my sleeping
Jesus still a watch is keeping;
I can lay me down and rest,
Sweetly pillowed on His breast.
- 4 I am Jesus' little friend;
On His mercy I depend;
Jesus will forsake me never,
He will keep me safe for ever;
How I wish my heart could be
Loving Saviour, more like Thee!

MRS. F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

359

6.5.
I am Thine; save me.
Ps. cxix. 94.

- 1 **I** BELONG to Jesus;
'Twas a happy day
When His blood most precious
Washed my sins away;
When His Holy Spirit
Changed my heart of stone,
Set His mark upon me,
Sealed me for His own.
- 2 I belong to Jesus;
So I'll try to spend
All my life in pleasing
My Almighty Friend.
Since He is so holy,
I must watch and pray,
That I may grow like Him
More and more each day.
- 3 I belong to Jesus;
Therefore I can sing,
For I'm safe and happy
Underneath His wing;
But so many round me
Are all dark and cold,
I must try to bring them
Into Jesus' fold.
- 4 I belong to Jesus;
Soon He will be here;
If I love and trust Him,
What have I to fear?
Round about Him gathered
Will His people be;
And I'm sure that Jesus
Will remember me.

ELLEN H. WILLIS.

360

7a.
I'm blessed of the Lord.
Ps. cxv. 15.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, bless a little child,
Teach my heart the way to Thee;
Make it gentle, meek, and mild;
Loving Saviour, care for me.
- 2 I am young, but Thou hast said
All who will may come to Thee:
Feed my soul with living bread;
Loving Saviour, care for me.
- 3 Jesus, help me, I am weak;
Let me put my trust in Thee;
Teach me how and what to speak;
Loving Saviour, care for me.
- 4 I would never go astray,
Never turn aside from Thee;
Keep me in the heavenly way;
Loving Saviour, care for me.

MRS. F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

93

361

P.M.
I will dwell in the house of the
Lord.—Ps. xliii. 6.

- 1 **O** JESUS! behold
The lambs of Thy fold,
Who join in Thy praise,
And sing Hallelujah in rapturous lays.
- 2 Every Sabbath we meet
In this hallowed retreat,
We join with delight [night.
In praises to Christ from morning till
- 3 In Thy word we are told
How children of old
By Jesus were blest, [caressed.
Taken up in His arms and kindly
- 4 Hosanna! they sang,
And Jerusalem rang
With their beautiful songs: [tongues.
Hosanna to Christ! from thousands of
- 5 Like them we would join
In worship divine,
And Jesus adore [more.
On earth and in heaven, when time is no
- 6 Weak children are we,
But trusting in Thee,
And pleading Thy blood,
Through Jesus we find a reconciled God.
- 7 So we hail the bright day,
More welcome than May,
The best of the seven; [heaven.
And in worshipping Christ we anticipate
- 8 When our Sabbaths are past,
When we get there at last,
We'll sing of Thy grace, [face.
And evermore live in the smile of Thy

362

8.7.
The Lord shall guide thee con-
tinually.—Isa. lvi. 11.

- 1 **C**HILDKHOOD'S years are passing o'er
us,
Youthful days will soon be gone;
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.
- 2 O may He who, meek and lowly,
Trod Himself this vale of woe,
Make us His, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.
- 3 Hark! it is the Saviour calling,
"Children, come, and follow Me!"
Jesus, keep our feet from falling;
Teach us all to follow Thee.
- 4 Soon we part; it may be never,
Never here to meet again;
O to meet in heaven for ever!
O the crown of life to gain!

W. DICKSON.

G

363

7a. The holy scriptures.—2 Tim. iii. 15.

- 1 **H**OLY Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.

Cho.—Holy Bible, book divine, &c.

- 2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Father's love;
Mine to guide my doubtful feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine to comfort in distress;
Mine to cheer, sustain, and bless;
Mine to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.
- 4 Mine to tell of joys to come;
Mine to lead the spirit home.
O thou precious book divine,
Holy Bible, thou art mine!

JOHN BURTON. 1805.

364

7.6.7.6.7.7. From a child hast known the holy scriptures.—2 Tim. iii. 15.

- 1 **O** THAT I, like Timothy,
Might the holy Scriptures know
From mine earliest infancy,
Till for God mature I grow;
Made unto salvation wise,
Ready for the glorious prize!

- 2 Jesus, all-redeeming Lord,
Full of truth and full of grace,
Make me understand Thy word;
Teach me, in my youthful days,
Wonders in Thy word to see,
Wise through faith which is in Thee.

- 3 Open now mine eyes of faith;
Open now the book of God;
Show me here the secret path
Leading to Thy blest abode:
Wisdom from above impart,
Speak the meaning to my heart.

CHAR. WESLEY. 1761.

365

*L.M. In spirit and in truth.
John iv. 24.*

- 1 **W**HEN to the house of God we go,
To hear His word, and sing His
We ought to worship Him below, [love,
As saints and angels do above.

- 2 They stand before His presence now,
And praise Him better far than we,
Who only at His footstool bow,
And love Him whom we cannot see.

- 3 But God is present everywhere,
And watches all our thoughts and ways;
He marks who humbly join in prayer,
And who sincerely sing His praise.

- 4 The triflers, too, His eye can see,
Who only seem to take a part;
They move the lip, and bend the knee,
But do not seek Him with the heart.

- 5 O may we never trifle so,
Nor lose the days our God has given;
But learn, by Sabbaths here below,
To spend eternity in heaven.

JANE TAYLOR. 1812

366

*C.M. Early will I seek Thee.
Ps. lxxiii. 1.*

- 1 **N**OW that my journey's just begun,
My course so little trod,
I'll stay before I further run,
And give myself to God.

- 2 And lest I should be ever led
Through sinful paths to stray,
I would at once begin to tread
In wisdom's pleasant way.

- 3 What sorrows may my steps attend,
I cannot now foretell;
But if the Lord will be my Friend,
I know that all is well.

- 4 If all my earthly friends should die,
And leave me mourning here,
Since God regards the orphan's cry,
Oh, what have I to fear?

- 5 If I am rich, He'll guard my heart
Temptation to withstand,
And make me willing to impart
The bounties of His hand.

- 6 If I am poor, He can supply,
Who has my table spread;
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
And fills His poor with bread.

- 7 And, Lord, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to Thy will,
And I would ask no more.

- 8 Attend me through my youthful way,
Whatever be my lot;
And when I'm feeble, old, and gray,
O Lord, forsake me not.

JANE TAYLOR. 1812.

367

*C.M. Thou art our Father.
Isa. xliii. 16.*

- 1 **H**APPY the child whose youngest years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

- 2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in His eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 3 'Tis easier work, if we begin
To serve the Lord betimes;
But sinners that grow old in sin
Are hardened in their crimes.
- 4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

- 5 To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back, and see
That our whole lives were Thine.
- 6 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

ISAAC WATTS. 1703.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

368

6a.
The Lord's day.—Rev. i. 10.

- 1 JESUS, we love to meet
On this Thy holy day;
We worship round Thy seat
On this Thy holy day.
Thou tender, heavenly Friend,
To Thee our prayers ascend;
O'er our young spirits bend
On this Thy holy day.
- 2 We dare not trifle now,
On this Thy holy day;
In silent awe we bow,
On this Thy holy day.
Check every wandering thought,
And let us all be taught
To serve Thee as we ought,
On this Thy holy day.
- 3 We listen to Thy word,
On this Thy holy day;
Bless all that we have heard
On this Thy holy day.
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart
On this Thy holy day.

ELIZABETH PARSON. 1836.

369

C.M.
I have loved the habitation of Thy house.—Ps. xxvi. 8.

- 1 SWEET Sabbath School! more dear to
Than fairest palace dome, [me
My heart e'er turns with joy to thee,
My own dear Sabbath Home.
Cho.—Sabbath Home! Sweet Home!
Blessed Home! Sweet Home!
My heart e'er turns with joy to thee,
My own dear Sabbath Home.
- 2 Here first my wilful, wandering heart
The way of life was shown;
Here first I sought the better part,
And gained a Sabbath Home.
- 3 Here Jesus stood with loving voice,
Entreating me to come,
And make of Him my only choice,
In this dear Sabbath Home.

95

370

P.M.
Go out into the highways and hedges.—Luke xiv. 23.

- 1 IN the highways and hedges go seek for
Gather them into the fold— [the lost,
Was the earnest command that our Sa-
viour divine
Taught His disciples of old.
Cho.—Urge them to come, show them the
way, [day;
Tenderly, lovingly, bring them to—
Urge them to come, why should they
room? [bath Home.
Bring them along to our dear Sab-
- 2 If the Shepherd we love, we must care for
the sheep;
Precious are they in His sight;
They are out in the desert, they wander
alone;
Lead them from darkness to light.
- 3 To the weary and thirsty the Saviour has
"Come, heavy laden, to Me," [said,
I will give you to drink of the water of
Tell them the fountain is free. [life;"
- 4 There's a welcome for all in that Kingdom
All who repent and believe; [of grace,
And the souls that have stray'd and
return'd to the fold,
Jesus will gladly receive.

371

C.M.
Bring your sacrifices every morning.—Amos iv. 4.

- 1 MY God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And, to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.
- 2 When, from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.
- 3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

a 2

- 4 Give me, O Lord, Thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.
ISAAC WATTS. 1703.

372

7.6.

He setteth an end to darkness.
Job xxviii. 3.

- 1 THE darkness now is over,
And all the world is bright;
Praise be to Christ who keepeth
His children safe at night!
- 2 We cannot tell what gladness
May be our lot to-day,
What sorrow or temptation
May meet us on our way;
- 3 But this we know most surely,
That through all good or ill,
God's grace can always help us
To do His holy will.
- 4 Then, Jesus, let the angels,
Who watched us through the night
Be all day long beside us
To guide our steps aright;
- 5 And when the evening cometh,
We'll kneel again to pray,
And thank Thee for the blessings
Bestowed throughout the day.
E. T.

373

C.M.

It was now eventide.—Acts iv. 3.

- 1 AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts, every hour, make known
His providence and grace.
- 2 But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins, how great their sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head,
And, through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.
- 4 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since Thou wilt not remove;
And, in the morning, let me rise
Rejoicing in Thy love.

ISAAC WATTS. 1700.

374

8.7.8.7.7.7.

Thou shalt take thy rest in safety.
Job xi. 18.

- 1 THROUGH the day Thy love hast
spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
98

- 2 Pilgrims here on earth and strangers.
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from danger;
In Thine arms may we repose,
And, when life's brief day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.
THOMAS KELLY. 1806.

375

7.7.7.7.8.5.8.5.

*The shadows of the evening are
stretched out.*—Jer. vi. 4.

- 1 FATHER, while the shadows fall
With the twilight over all,
Deign to hear my evening prayer,
Make a little child Thy care.
Cho.—Take me in Thy holy keeping
Till the morning break;
Guard me through the darkness
Bless me when I wake. [sleeping,
- 2 'Twas Thy hand that all the day
Scattered joys along my way,
Crowned my life with blessings sweet,
Kept from snares my careless feet.
Take me, &c.
- 3 Like Thy patient love to me,
May my love to others be;
All the wrongs my hands have done,
Pardon, Lord, through Christ Thy Son.
Take me, &c.
E. MILLER.

376

8.7.

*I will both lay me down in peace
and sleep.*—Ps. iv. 8.

- 1 JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.
- 2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed
Listen to my evening prayer. [me,
- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well:
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.
MARY L. DUNCAN. 1839.

377

C.M.

He bade them farewell.
Acts xviii. 21.

- 1 GOOD night! good night! the day is
Ended its beauty bright; [done,
Its duties over, pleasures gone:
God bless us all. Good night!
- 2 With memories of God's tender care
Abounding through the day;
His mercies always, everywhere;
Our evening thanks we pay.

- 3 Good hope be with us, faith and love :
With day let troubles cease;
The wakeful heart find rest above;
Or sleeping, sleep in peace.
- 4 God shelter us, and our dear homes,
Till the bright morning light
With health and cheerful freshness comes:
Good night! Good night! Good night!

H. BATEMAN. 1840.

378

7.7.6.6.7.
Let the saints be joyful.
Ps. cxlix. 5.

- 1 **H**ERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more.
Cho.—O! that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful,
O! that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.
- 2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.
O! that will be joyful, &c.
- 3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sunday-school.
O! that will be joyful, &c.
- 4 Teachers, too, will meet above,
Pastors, parents, whom we love,
Will meet to part no more.
O! that will be joyful, &c.
- 5 O! how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on His throne!
O! that will be joyful, &c.
- 6 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord,
O! that will be joyful, &c.

F. MILBY. 1826.

379

C.M.
Consider the lilies of the field.
Matt. vi. 28.

- 1 **B**Y cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose tender heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

97

- 4 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
Were all alike Divine; [crowned,
- 5 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

REG. HEBER. 1812.

380

S.M.
*Repent, for the kingdom of heaven
is at hand.*—Matt. iv. 17.

- 1 **I**F Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.
- 2 'Tis not enough to say
We're sorry and repent,
Yet still go on from day to day
Just as we always went.
- 3 Repentance is to leave
The sins we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve
By doing so no more.
- 4 Lord, make us thus sincere,
To watch as well as pray;
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.

JANE TAYLOR. 1812.

381

C.M.
Lord, teach us to pray.—Luke xi. 1.

- 1 **L**ORD, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart;
And grant Thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my youthful heart.
- 2 A sinful creature I was born,
And from my birth have strayed;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without Thy mercy's aid.
- 3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain;
Can fit my soul with Him to live,
And in His Kingdom reign.
- 4 To Him let little children come,
For He has said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears He'll wipe away.
- 5 For all who early seek His face
Shall surely taste His love;
Jesus shall guide them by His grace,
To dwell with Him above.

JOHN RYLAND. 1766.

382

C.M.
Lord, remember me.
Luke xxiii. 42.

- 1 **S**OON as my youthful lips can speak
Their feeble prayer to Thee,
O let my heart Thy favour seek;
Good Lord, remember me.

- 2 In childhood's following years my tongue
Tuned to Thy praise shall be,
And this the heartfelt, humble song,
Good Lord, remember me.
- 3 From every sin that wounds the heart
May I be taught to flee;
O bid them all from me depart;
Good Lord, remember me.
- 4 When, with life's heavy load oppress'd,
I bend the trembling knee,
Then give my suffering spirit rest,
Good Lord, remember me.
- 5 O let me, on the bed of death,
Thy great salvation see:
And cry with my expiring breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

ROWLAND HILL. 1820.

383

7a.

He is not far from every one of us.
Acts xvii. 27.

- 1 GOD of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from Thy lofty seat;
Hear, O hear our feeble cry;
Guide, O guide our wandering feet.
- 2 Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.
- 3 Jesus, Lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, Lord, and keep us Thine.
- 4 When perplexed in danger's snare,
Thou alone our Guide canst be;
When oppressed with woe and care,
Whom have we to trust but Thee?
- 5 Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Ask Thy counsel every day;
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in wisdom's way.
- 6 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul!
Hope, till time shall be no more!
Love, while endless ages roll!

HENRY NEELE.

384

8.7.4.7.

*There were brought unto Him little
children.—Matt. xix. 13.*

- 1 SAVIOUR, round Thy footstool bend—
See our youthful band appear; [ing,
Let Thy Spirit, now descending,
Our petitions deign to hear.
Thou art willing,
For Thy grace is always near.
- 2 Once on earth, to share Thy blessing,
Children sought to meet Thine eye,
While the anxious parents pressing,
Brought their helpless infants nigh;
For Thy favour
All their wants could well supply.

98

- 3 No harsh word of indignation
Drove those tender lambs from Thee;
Gentle was the invitation,
Suffer them to come to Me!
Holy children
Shall My heavenly Kingdom see.
- 4 Gracious Saviour! Thou hast taught us
That Thy words unchanged remain;
To Thy feet our friends have brought us,
Heavenly blessings to obtain:
O receive us!
Thou wilt not our prayer disdain.
- 5 Take us, then, Thou kind Protector,
Fold us 'neath Thy watchful care;
Be our Shepherd, Friend, Director,
In Thy arms of mercy bear,
Guide to glory:
We shall dwell in safety there.

ELIZABETH PARSON. 1836.

385

8.7.4.7.

Let us draw near with a true heart.
Heb. x. 22.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father, we draw near
Thee
With the voice of joy and praise;
In our childhood taught to fear Thee,
Taught the knowledge of Thy ways;
May we praise Thee,
Love and serve Thee all our days.
- 2 When we think how much we owe Thee,
Lord, Thy goodness we adore;
Though we but begin to know Thee,
Thy kind teaching we implore:
Thus instructed,
May we know and love Thee more.
- 3 Thanks to Thee for every blessing;
Most of all for saving grace;
Oh, may we, that grace possessing,
Reach at length the blissful place
Where Thy children
Dwell with Thee, and see Thy face!

JOHN BURTON. 1840.

386

8.7.4.7.

He called His own sheep by name.
John x. 3.

- 1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd, lead us;
Much we need Thy tenderest care:
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy fold prepare:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are!
- 2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be:
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
Early let us turn to Thee!

- 3 Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thyself our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us; love us still!
D. A. THRUPE.

387

P.M.

The fields are white already to harvest.—John iv. 35.

- 1 **T**HE fields are all white,
And the reapers are few;
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in His harvest?
- 2 Our hands are so small,
And our words are so weak,
We cannot teach others;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest?
- 3 We'll work by our prayers;
By the pennies we bring,
By small self-denials;
The least little thing
May work for our Lord in His harvest.
- 4 Until, by-and-by,
As the years pass at length,
We too may be reapers,
And go forth in strength
To work for our Lord in His harvest.

BOOK OF PRAISE FOR CHILDREN.

388

C.M.

The path of the just is as the shining light.—Prov. iv. 18.

- 1 **T**HERE is a path that leads to God,
All others lead astray;
Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.
- 2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be passed;
But those who boldly walk therein
Will come to heaven at last.
- 3 How shall a little pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread?
For on the way is many a snare,
For youthful travellers spread.
- 4 While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair;
And many turn aside, I know,
And walk with sinners there.
- 5 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from Thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my Guide,
And I shall never stray.
- 6 Thus I may safely venture through,
Beneath my Shepherd's care,
And keep the gate of heaven in view
Till I shall enter there.

JANE TAYLOR. 1812.

389

C.M.

There were brought unto Him little children.—Matt. xix. 13.

- 1 **Y**OUNG children once to Jesus came,
His blessing to entreat;
And I may humbly do the same
Before His mercy-seat.
- 2 For when their feeble hands were spread,
And bent each infant knee,
"Forbid them not," the Saviour said:
And so He says to me.
- 3 Though now He is not here below,
But on His heavenly hill,
To Him may little children go,
And seek a blessing still.
- 4 Well pleased those little ones to see,
The dear Redeemer smiled:
Oh, then He will not frown on me,
A poor unworthy child.
- 5 If babes, so many years ago,
His tender pity drew,
He will not surely let me go
Without a blessing too.
- 6 Then while, this favour to implore,
My youthful hands are spread,
Do Thou Thy sacred blessing pour,
Dear Jesus, on my head.

JANE TAYLOR. 1810.

390

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd.—Isa. xl. 11.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding, in love and truth,
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout Thy praise.
- 2 Thou art our Holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.
- 3 O wisdom's great High Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love:
And in our mortal pain,
None calls on Thee in vain;
Help Thou dost not refrain—
Help from above.
- 4 Be ever near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our Staff and song:
Jesus, thou Christ of God,
By Thine eternal word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod;
Make our faith strong.

- 5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite, and swell the song
To Christ our King.

CLEMENS ALEXANDRINUS. 210.

391

6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 **C**AN I, a little child,
Do anything for those
Who are by sin defiled,
To lighten their sad woes?
I cannot see the reason why
I should not, if I really try.
- 2 First, then, I would implore
The Lord to change their heart;
Then from my little store
I freely will impart,
That some kind teachers may be given
To point out Christ, the way to heaven.

- 3 How would such joyful news
Their inmost souls delight!
And who would then refuse
To give their little mite,
That every heathen child may know
What blessings Jesus can bestow.

ROBERT MOFFAT. 1862.

HEAVENLY HAPPINESS.

392

C.M.

Washed us from our sins in His blood.—Rev. i. 5.

- 1 **A**ROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand—
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Cho.—Singing glory, glory, glory.
- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.
- 3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love,
How came those children there?
- 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.
- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

ANNE H. SHEPHERD. 1847.

393

6.4.

Ye that fear the Lord, praise Him.
Pa. xxii. 23.

- 1 **A**BOVE the clear blue sky
In heaven's bright abode,
The angel host on high
Sing praises to their God:
Hallelujah!
They love to sing
To God their King
Hallelujah!
- 2 But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:
Hallelujah!
We too will sing
To God our King
Hallelujah!
- 3 O blessed Lord, Thy truth
To us, Thy babes, impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
Hallelujah!
Then shall we sing
To God our King
Hallelujah!
- 4 O may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around;
All then with one accord
Shall lift the joyful sound,
Hallelujah!
All then shall sing
To God their King
Hallelujah!

J. CHANDLER.

394

C.M.

I have a goodly heritage.
Pa. xvi. 6.

- 1 **T**HERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.
- 2 But hark! amid the joyful songs
Those happy voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in Jesus' praise.
- 3 This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.
- 4 Soon will our earthly course be run,
Our mortal frame decay;
Teachers and children, one by one,
Must fade and pass away.
- 5 Great God, impress the solemn thought
This day on every breast;
That both the teacher and the taught
May enter to Thy rest.

JANE TAYLOR. 1810.

395

8.3.8.3.8.8.3.3.
A better country.—Heb. xi. 16.

- 1 **T**HERE is a better world, they say,
Oh, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
Oh, so bright!
And music fills the balmy air,
And angels bright and pure are there,
And harps of gold and mansions fair,
Oh, so bright!
- 2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
Happy land!
No tear-drops glisten in the eye,
Happy land!
They drink the living streams of grace,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place;
Happy land!
- 3 And wicked things and beasts of prey
Come not there;
And ruthless death and fierce decay
Come not there;
There all are holy, all are good;
But hearts unwashed in Jesus' blood,
And guilty sinners unrenewed,
Come not there.
- 4 But though we're sinners every one,
Jesus died;
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died;
We may be cleansed from every stain;
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of pleasure reign:
Jesus died.
- 5 Then parents, brothers, sisters, come,
Come away;
We long to reach our Father's home,
Come away;
Oh, come, the time is fleeting past,
And men and things are fading fast;
Our turn will surely come at last:
Come away.

JOHN LYTH. 1845.

396

8.8.5.6.8.
Beautiful for situation.
Ps. xlviii. 2.

- 1 **T**HERE'S a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly,
When by sorrows pressed down
I long for my crown
In that beautiful land on high.
Cho.—In that beautiful land I'll be
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.
- 2 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy;
Methinks I now see
How they're waiting for me
In that beautiful land on high.

101

3 There's a beautiful land on high,
And though here I oft weep and sigh,
My Saviour hath said
That no tears shall be shed
In that beautiful land on high.

4 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say good-bye,
When o'er the river
We're happy for ever
In that beautiful land on high.

J. NICHOLSON.

397

P.M.
He shall go no more out.
Rev. iii. 12.

1 **W**E'RE marching to the promised land
A land all fair and bright;
Come, join our happy youthful band,
And seek the plains of light.

Cho.—We are marching through Im-
manuel's ground, [sound:
And soon shall hear the trumpet
And there we shall with Jesus
reign,
And never, never part again.
What, never part again? No, never
part again; [part again;
What, never part again? No, never
And there we shall with Jesus
reign,
And never, never part again.

2 The Saviour feeds His little flock,
His grace is freely given,
The living water from the rock,
And daily bread from heaven.

3 In that bright land no sin is found,
But all are happy there,
And youthful voices sweetly blend
In the angelic choir.

4 Our teachers kindly point the way
And guide our feet aright,
To the bright realms of endless day,
Where Jesus is the light.

398

P.M.
The land that is very far off.
Isa. xxxiii. 17.

1 **E**VERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright;
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark cold night:
There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

2 Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open fresh and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away:
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

3 Little birds sing songs of praise
 All the summer long :
 But in colder, shorter days
 They forget their song :
 There's a place where angels sing
 Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near
 Those who follow Him ;
 But we cannot see Him here,
 For our eyes are dim :
 There is a most happy place,
 Where men always see His face.

5 Who shall go to that fair land ?
 All who love the right ;
 Holy children there shall stand,
 In their robes of white :
 For that heaven so bright and blest
 Is our everlasting rest.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER. 1848.

399

7a.

*They shall come from the east and
 from the west.—Luke xiii. 29.*

1 **L**ITTLE travellers Zionward,
 Each one entering into rest,
 In the Kingdom of your Lord,
 In the mansions of the blest :

There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
 Gives the crown His followers win ;
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
 Let the little travellers in !

2 Who are they whose little feet,
 Pacing life's dark journey through,
 Now have reached the heavenly scat
 They had ever kept in view ?
 " I from Greenland's frozen land,"
 " I from India's sultry plain,"
 " I from Afric's barren sand,"
 " I from islands of the main."

3 " All our earthly journey past,
 Every tear and pain gone by,
 Here together met at last,
 At the portal of the sky."
 Each the welcome " Come ! " awaits
 Conquerers over death and sin ;
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
 Let the little travellers in.

JAMES EDMESTON. 1846.

400

L.M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings
 flow ;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THOMAS KEN. 1697.

INDEX.

	HYMN		HYMN
A crowd fills the court of the temple	34	Come, let us praise the Prince	337
A thought is but a little thing	326	Come, let us sing of Jesus	208
A year again has passed away	241	Come, praise your Lord and Saviour	212
Abide with me! fast falls the eventide	177	Come, Thou Fount of every blessing	47
Above the clear blue sky	393	Come to Jesus, little one	351
All hail the power of Jesu's name	23	Come to the Saviour now	95
All my heart this night rejoices	25	Come unto Me, ye weary	94
All things bright and beautiful	10	Come, ye thankful people, come	180
All things praise Thee, Lord most High	7	Crown Him with many crowns	43
Almighty God, Thy piercing eye	12		
Always with us, always with us	258	Day by day we magnify Thee	207
And now another day is gone	373	Dear Lord and Master mine	260
Another Sabbath ended	195	Dear Saviour, we gather our	348
Another six days' work is done	186	Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord	293
Another year is dawning	182	Do not I love Thee, O my Lord	272
Around the throne of God	392	Draw nearer, my Saviour	126
Art thou weary, art thou	90		
As with gladness men of old	30	Earth below is teeming	178
At even, ere the sun was set	173	Ever blessed Trinity	75
At the name of Jesus	45	Every little step I take	330
At Thy feet, our God and Father	249	Every morning the red sun	398
Beautiful home of the blest	235	Fair waved the golden corn	200
Beneath the cross of Jesus	224	Father, here we dedicate	181
Beyond the dark river a land I	142	Father, lead me day by day	316
Brightest and best of the sons of	29	Father, let Thy benediction	22
Brightly beams our Father's mercy	211	Father of heaven, bless	154
Brightly gleams our banner	301	Father, while the shadows fall	375
By cool Siloam's shady rill	379	Fearless, calm, and strong in love	285
		For ever with the Lord	134
Can I, a little child	391	For the beauty of the earth	62
Captain and Saviour of Thine host	309	For Thy mercy and Thy grace	196
Childhood's years are passing o'er us	362	Forward be our watchword	298
Children join to praise the Saviour	243	From all that dwell below	161
Children of Jerusalem	342	From Greenland's icy mountains	187
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	38	From the eastern mountains	158
Christ was teaching all the day	266	From year to year in love we meet	242
Christians, awake, salute the happy	31		
Come at the morning hour	163	Gentle Jesus, full of grace	336
Come, children, let us go	335	Gentle Jesus, meek and mild	346
Come, Christian children, come and	213	Glory be to God the Father	70
Come, Christian youths and maidens	205	Glory to God on high	63
Come, happy children, come and raise	345	Glory to the Father give	74
Come, Holy Ghost, in love	246	Glory to Thee, my God, this night	176
Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire	66	Go, labour on, spend and be spent	290
Come, Holy Ghost, the Comforter	68	Go when the morning shineth	129
Come, labour on	279	Go work for God, and do not say	289
Come, let us all unite and sing	202	God Almighty, in Thy temple	72
Come, let us join the hosts above	318	God, bless our native land	245

	HYMN		HYMN
God, bless our Sunday School	244	I would a youthful pilgrim be	110
God intrusts to all	332	If I come to Jesus	356
God is love, His mercy brightens	18	If Jesus Christ was sent	380
God loves the little sparrows	321	I'm a little pilgrim	332
God might have made the earth	16	In full and glad surrender	109
God of mercy, throned on high	383	In Shiloh, where Thine ark was stored	220
God of the heaven and earth	240	In the highways and hedges	370
God sets a still small voice	331	In the name of Jesus	323
God, who made the earth	333	In the wintry heaven	323
Golden harps are sounding	42	It came upon the midnight	24
Good night, good night, the day	377	It is not death to die	307
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me	67	It passeth knowledge, that dear	119
Great God, and wilt Thou condescend	20		
Great God, with wonder and with	84	Jerusalem the golden	151
Guide me, O Thou great	21	Jesus, blessed Saviour	162
		Jesus calls us o'er the tumult	277
Hail the children's festival day	197	Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour	349
Hail the day that sees Him rise	38	Jesus, Friend of little	322
Hail to the Lord's anointed	159	Jesus, high in glory	343
Hallelujah! praise the Lord	5	Jesus, I love Thy charming name	50
Happy the child whose youngest	367	Jesus, in Thy blest name	263
Hark! a still small voice	354	Jesus is our Pilot	59
Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding	92	Jesus, Lord of Sabbath rest	191
Hark! hark! my soul, angelic	145	Jesus! lover of my soul	54
Hark the glad sound, the Saviour	26	Jesus loves me! this I know	341
Hark! the herald angels sing	27	Jesus, Master, whom I serve	292
Hark, the voice of Jesus crying	156	Jesus, Saviour, Brother, Lord	261
Hark! 'tis the Saviour calls	350	Jesus shall reign where'er	61
Hark! 'tis the song of heaven	28	Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear	376
Heavenly Father, we draw near Thee	385	Jesus, the Friend of friendless	264
Here we suffer grief and pain	378	Jesus, the sinners' Friend	267
Holy Bible, book Divine	363	Jesus, the very thought of Thee	49
Holy Father, hear my cry	73	Jesus, we love to meet	368
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God	71	Jesus, when a little child	359
Holy Spirit! hear us	64	Jesus, who lived above the sky	338
Holy Spirit, Truth divine	65	Joyfully, joyfully, onward we	144
Hosanna be the children's song	344	Just as I am, without one plea	115
Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn	204		
Hosanna we sing, like the children	214	Kind words can never die	328
How blessed from the bonds of sin	284	Knocking! knocking! who is there ..	99
How dearly God must love us	31		
How glorious is our heavenly King ..	312	Lamp of our feet, whereby	80
How holy the Bible! how pure is	78	Lead me to Jesus	233
How shall the young secure	83	Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us ..	257
How softly on the western hills	308	Let all assembled here	203
How sweet is the Sabbath, a morn	188	Let children proclaim	314
How sweet the name of Jesus	48	Let everlasting glories crown	77
Hushed was the evening hymn	89	Let us sing with one accord	313
		Let us with a glad some mind	3
I am Jesus' little friend	358	Listen, the Master beseecheth	280
I am Jesus' little lamb	357	Little drops of water	329
I belong to Jesus	359	Little travellers Zionward	399
I give my heart to Thee	111	Lo! a loving Friend is waiting	105
I have a work, O Lord	282	Lo! at noon 'tis sudden night	36
I heard the voice of Jesus say	57	Lord, from whom all blessings flow ..	248
I lay my sins on Jesus	56	Lord, give me light to do Thy work ..	275
I love the name of Jesus	52	Lord, how delightful 'tis to see	193
I love Thy Kingdom, Lord	121	Lord, I hear of showers of blessing ..	114
I love to hear the story	53	Lord, I read of tender mercy	320
I love to tell the story	120	Lord, I would own Thy tender	317
I love to think, though I am young ..	33	Lord of the living harvest	155
I need Thee, precious Jesus	127	Lord, speak to me, that I may	252
I sing the Almighty power of God	11	Lord, teach a little child to pray	381
I think when I read that sweet	347	Lord, we bring our work to Thee	272
I want to be like Jesus	353	Lord, we meet to pray and praise ..	247

INDEX.

	HYMN		HYMN
Lost one! wandering on in sadness ..	102	Praise, my soul, the King of	1
Make use of me, my God	274	Praise the Lord, ye heavens	4
Mansions are prepared above	135	Reign in my heart, great God	253
Mighty God, while angels bless	46	Rejoice and be glad, the Redeemer ..	206
My dear Redeemer and my Lord	32	Revive Thy work, O Lord	255
My faith looks up to Thee	125	Ring, ring the bells, the joyful	324
My God, accept my heart	106	Ring the bells of heaven	199
My God, is any hour so sweet	166	Rise, heart! thy Lord arose	183
My God, my Father, while I stray	132	Rock of Ages, cleft for me	116
My God, who makes the sun	371	Room for the wanderer, room	96
My gracious God, I own Thy right	268	Safe in the arms of Jesus	150
My soul, repeat His praise	9	Sailing on the ocean	238
Nearer, my God, to Thee	124	Saviour, abide with us	170
Never lose the golden rule	334	Saviour, again to Thy dear name	194
Now in my early days	112	Saviour, bless a little child	360
Now that my journey's just	366	Saviour, blessed Saviour	51
Now the day is over	167	Saviour, breathe an evening	175
Now the sowing and the weeping	281	Saviour, like a shepherd lead us	398
O day of rest and gladness	187	Saviour, round Thy footstool	384
O for a shout of sacred joy	40	Saviour, while my heart is tender	131
O God of Bethel, by whose hand	19	Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding	294
O God, our offerings we present	349	Shall hymns of grateful love	232
O happy band of pilgrims	299	Shall this life of mine be wasted	254
O happy day, that fixed my choice	117	Shall we gather at the river	146
O happy land! O happy land!	139	Shall we meet beyond the river	236
O heaven, sweet heaven	311	Shepherd of tender youth	390
O Jesus, behold	361	Sing to the Lord a joyful song	2
O Jesus, ever present	262	Sing to the Lord the children's hymn ..	319
O Jesus, I have promised	271	Softly fades the twilight ray	192
O Jesus, meek and lowly	128	Soldiers of Christ, arise	300
O Jesus, Saviour, we are young	107	Songs of praise the angels sang	6
O Jesus, Thou art standing	108	Soon as my youthful lips can	382
O Lamb of God, most lowly	123	Soon shall set the Sabbath sun	190
O Lord of glory, be my light	251	Sound the loud timbrel o'er	226
O Lord! revive Thy work	256	Sow in the morn thy seed	278
O my Saviour, hear me	122	Sowing the seed in the morning	228
O Paradise! O Paradise!	148	Speak gently, it is better far	234
O sing to the Lord	54	Spirit of holiness, descend	283
O that I like Timothy	364	Stand up for Jesus, Christian	225
O Thou whose hand hath brought us ..	201	Stand up! stand up for Jesus	302
O timely happy, timely wise	166	Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour	172
O worship the King, all glorious above ..	8	Sweet hour of prayer, sweet	133
Of when of God we ask	276	Sweet Sabbath school, more dear	369
Oh! bless the Lord and praise	259	Sweet Saviour, bless us ere	174
Oh! come in life's gay morning	98	Sweet spices they brought on	37
Oh! do not let the word depart	101	Sweetly the holy hymn	164
Oh! have you not heard of a beautiful ..	143	Take my life and let it be	269
Oh! it is hard to work for God	291	Teach me to live! 'tis easier far to die ..	305
Oh! Lord, our strength and refuge	315	Tell me the old, old story	60
Oh! think of the home over there	147	Ten thousand times ten thousand	153
Oh! what has Jesus done for	55	The Bible! the Bible! more precious ..	79
On toward Zion, on	216	The darkness now is o'er	372
Once more with joyous greeting	198	The day is past and over	171
One by one the saints are going	308	The day was done, beside the sultry ..	108
One more day's work for Jesus	295	The dawn of God's dear Sabbath	185
One there is above all others	44	The fields are all white	387
Our blest Redeemer ere He breathed ..	69	The Galilean fishers toil	286
Our day of praise is done	169	The golden gates are lifted up	41
Pass me not, O gracious Saviour	113	The livelong night we've toiled	287
Praise God, from whom all	400	The Master is come and calleth	91
		The praises of my tongue	88

INDEX.

	HYMN		HYMN
The roseate hues of early dawn	149	Was there ever kindest shepherd	130
The Saviour calls; let every ear	87	Watch and pray, fast fades the day	206
The Son of God goes forth to war	303	We are going forth with our staff	223
There is a better world	395	We are marching on with shield	222
There is a glorious world of light	394	We bring no glittering treasures	210
There is a green hill far away	35	We love the good old Bible	217
There is a happy land	237	We love the place, O God	265
There is a heaven of perfect peace	136	We sing a loving Jesus	200
There is a land of pure delight	152	We sing our song of Jubilee	215
There is a name I love to hear	118	We speak of the realms of the blest ..	138
There is a path that leads to God	388	We won't give up the Bible	86
There is a precious day	227	We won't give up the Sabbath	218
There is no night in heaven	137	We're marching to the promised land ..	397
There's a beautiful land on	396	What can I give to Jesus	229
There's a beautiful land where the ..	140	What a Friend we have in Jesus	230
There's a Friend for little children ..	335	When He cometh, when He cometh ..	141
There's life for a look at the Crucified	104	When Israel through the desert passed ..	82
There's not a tint that paints	15	When little Samuel woke	88
This is the day of light	184	When o'er earth is breaking	14
This is the day the Lord hath made ..	189	When to the house of God we go	365
Thou art gone to the grave, but	310	Whither, pilgrims, are you going	221
Thou didst leave Thy throne and	231	Who is on the Lord's side	21
Thou, whose Almighty word	160	Words are things of little cost	327
Through the day Thy love has	374	Work, for the night is coming	288
Thy life was given for me	270		
Thy word is like a garden, Lord	81	Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm ..	100
'Tis but a veil that hangs between ..	304	Ye servants of the Lord	297
To-day the Saviour calls	93	Yes, God is good; in earth and sky ..	17
To-day Thy mercy calls	97	Yes, we part, but not for ever	239
To praise the ever-bounteous	179	Yet there is room! the Lamb's bright ..	101
To the name of God on high	76	Young children once to Jesus came ..	389
To whom but unto Thee	250		

LONDON:

YATES ALEXANDER AND SHEPHEARD, PRINTERS,
LONSDALE BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.

